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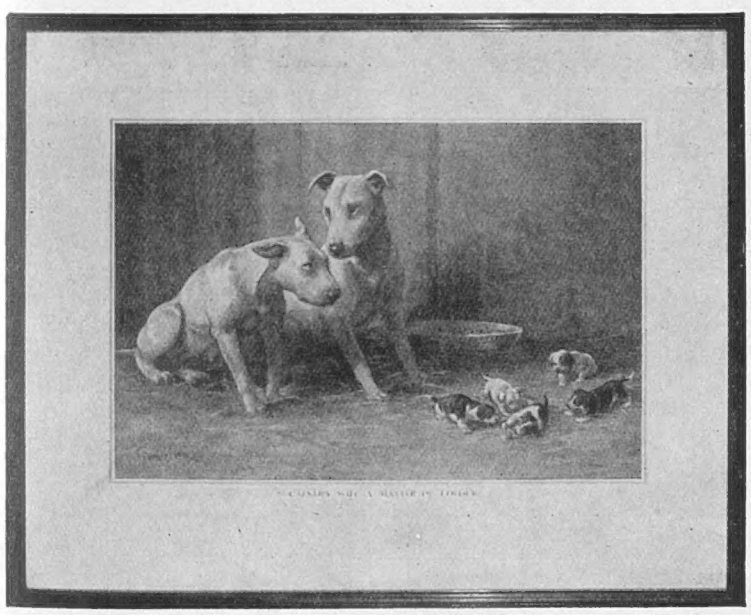

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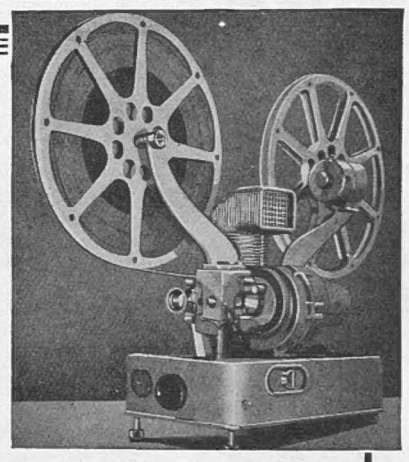

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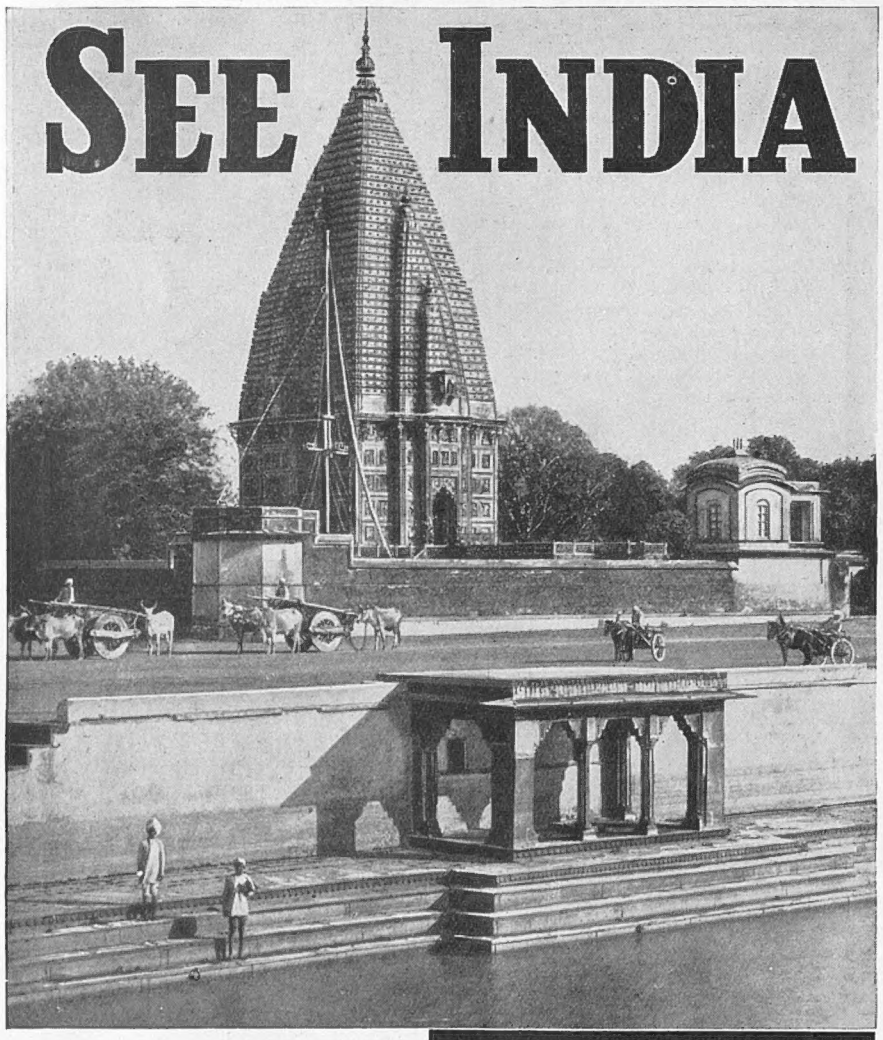

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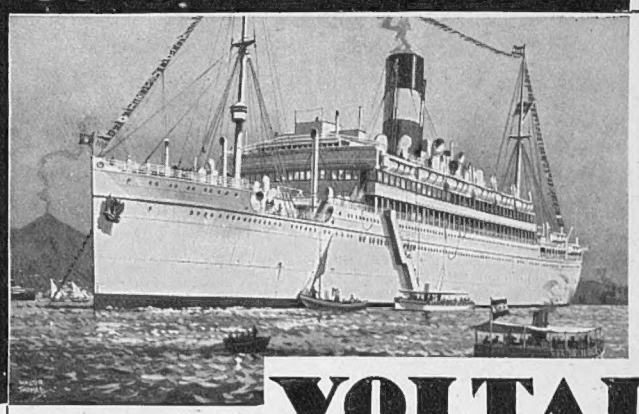

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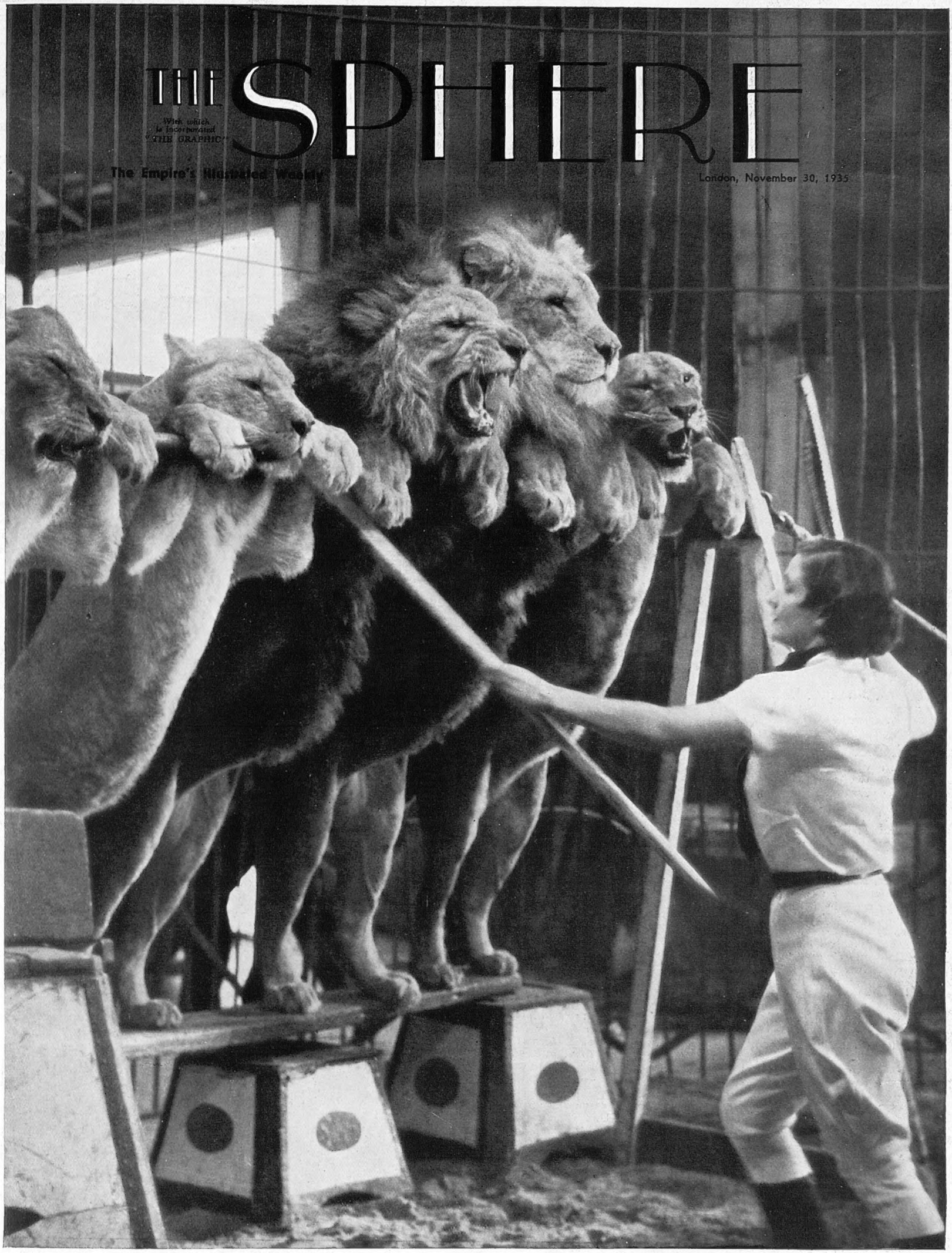
London, November 30, 1935



Preparing for the Christmas Circus

Putting the Lions Through Their Paces

This year's Olympia Circus, which opens on December 20, will as usual be as packed with good things as the proverbial Christmas hamper, for once again Bertram Mills and his sons have brought together talented performers from every corner of the globe. The hit of the show this season will probably be twenty-two-year-old Patricia Bourne, a Lancashire girl, who is pictured here at the Ascot training quarters rehearsing her team of lions for their appearance in the ring. Scarcely less thrilling to watch will be the antics of Con Colleano, the Australian wire-walker, and the juggling prowess of sixteen-year-old Miss Trixie, a pupil of the famous Raspelli; while last but not least that mirth-provoking band of clowns will add the necessary spice of laughter to this most seasonable of London entertainments

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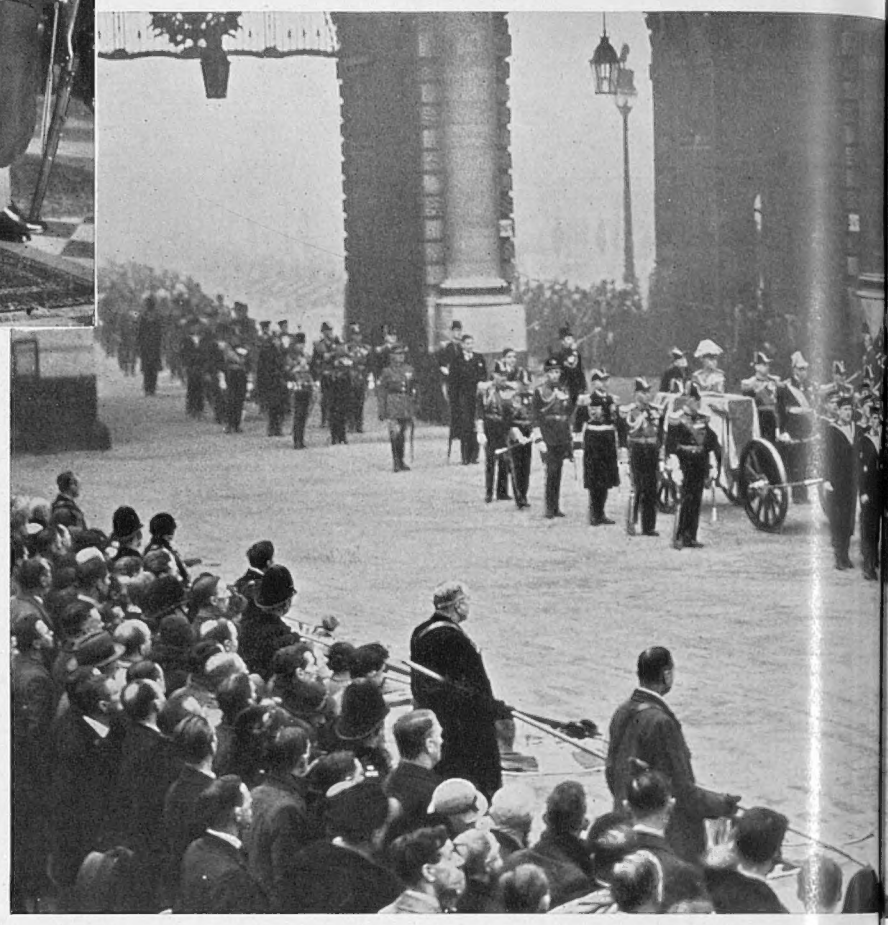
THE LYING-IN-STATE OF ENGLAND'S GREAT NAVAL COMMANDER: The coffin of Admiral of the Fleet Earl Jellicoe watched over by men of H.M.S. *Pembroke* in front of the altar in the Henry VII chapel in Westminster Abbey, whither the remains were temporarily transferred prior to the funeral on Monday. This is also the Chapel of the Order of the Bath, and Lord Jellicoe's banner is among those which hang in rich array round the walls

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, November 27, 1935.

LORD JELLICOE.—Lord Jellicoe will be more widely mourned than many of the great war leaders, for he was very much the type of Englishman whom Englishmen love and understand. He was of seafaring stock, for one thing; he rose entirely without influence; he was simple, kindly, strong, and brave; and best of all, silent in the Silent Service. Once or twice in his career he was "thrown to the wolves" and, unlike the majority of war leaders in like case, he neither protested, explained, nor sulked. The great sailors who preceded him recognised his merits early and he had his opportunities and took them. He goes down to history as a prime worker in the restoration of naval gunnery; and as a skilled advisor in the building of the earlier Dreadnought class. He was a great administrator, planner, and trainer. For the rest of time, it will be argued whether he had "the Nelson touch." Dare a man exploit the Nelson touch if it be in his power in a couple of hours to destroy civilisation, to wreck his country, and lose a world war? Dare anyone demand of a C.-in-C. under such responsibility a Trafalgar or nothing? How would Beatty have acted if he had been in Jellicoe's shoes? Those are questions we shall ever ask and never solve. There remains the proof positive of the superhuman calm and confidence of Jellicoe's mind. He lived to be seventy-six, greatly exceeding the average age of war leaders. Their war responsibilities broke nearly all their hearts. Jellicoe's responsibility transcended every other war leader's, Foch's included. His length of life is a proof in itself that he was cut out (as for years naval opinion agreed) to hold the world's fate in his hands during those awful years. It takes one back to realise that he went down with Tryon in *Victoria* when she collided with *Camperdown* in '93. He was in his cabin in high fever when she sank, and remained a considerable time in the sea. He came up cured. In all he did he succeeded. Unlike Plumer in many characteristics, he left much the same impression on those who served him; like Plumer he made the fewest possible errors in a score of spheres of action which ranged from holding the world's fate in his hands to caring for ex-service men. Like Plumer he was calm, simple, true, silent, unprotesting, and upright. His country has judged him worthy to lie near Nelson in one of the great Pantheons of our national heroes. If in character he was more in the line of Sir Thomas Hardy than of Sir Thomas Hardy's great chief and hero, he was not on that account of less service to his country.

CABINET MAKING.—A General Election does not amuse or edify everybody, and many of us look for our fun from the business of Cabinet making which usually follows the election of a new Parliament. This we are to be largely denied and it is the more disappointing since the late election was unsensational. Many of the pieces of the old Cabinet will fit into place again, very few were lost or mislaid in the move. No key piece seems to be called on and it is clear that that one piece labelled Churchill will not fit in with the other sections, especially as the Admiralty pigeon hole appears to be in excellent repair and earmarked for reinstatement, and Mr. Duff Cooper takes over the War Office. Mr. MacDonald, it seems, will not do that still braver act and accept a peerage which would make his permanent return to the Cabinet a little more easy but might jeopardise the political career of his son, Malcolm. He has clearly thought a good deal about his son's career. The latter won golden opinions during his brief term of office and all sections of the government want him permanently reinstated. But two "safe" seats for the MacDonalds (a name unjustly weighted to-day) are hard to find, and the re-shuffling of Cabinet seats is complicated by questions of Ministers in the Upper House. Both MacDonalds will remain in office until their electoral fate can be gauged in mid-December. Lord Halifax was said to be willing to retire, but none, from Mr. Baldwin downwards, wished to part with his high influence. The solution was found in the sacrifice of Lord Londonderry, who leaves the Cabinet and hands his sinecure portfolio to Lord Halifax. Mr. Thomas and Mr. Malcolm MacDonald (*bro tem.*) swop offices, and it cannot be denied that the exchange will be welcomed by one at least of the Dominions. Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister who has now received his deferred peerage, certainly had no desire to retire from power and politics, and Sir Bolton Eyres-Monsell is likely to continue his office from the Upper House. The majority of offices will remain unchanged at present, and a final reshuffle will be held over till the new year when the position of the defeated Ministers can be more accurately gauged. Two seats are already vacant, but the "safe seat" question is ticklish and nowadays essentially contentious. The voters detest bartering going on over their heads; polling in such by-elections is slack or one-sided, and a "safe-seat," especially if contested by men unfairly unpopular with one side, may well prove a dickey-seat and cause a nasty jolt.

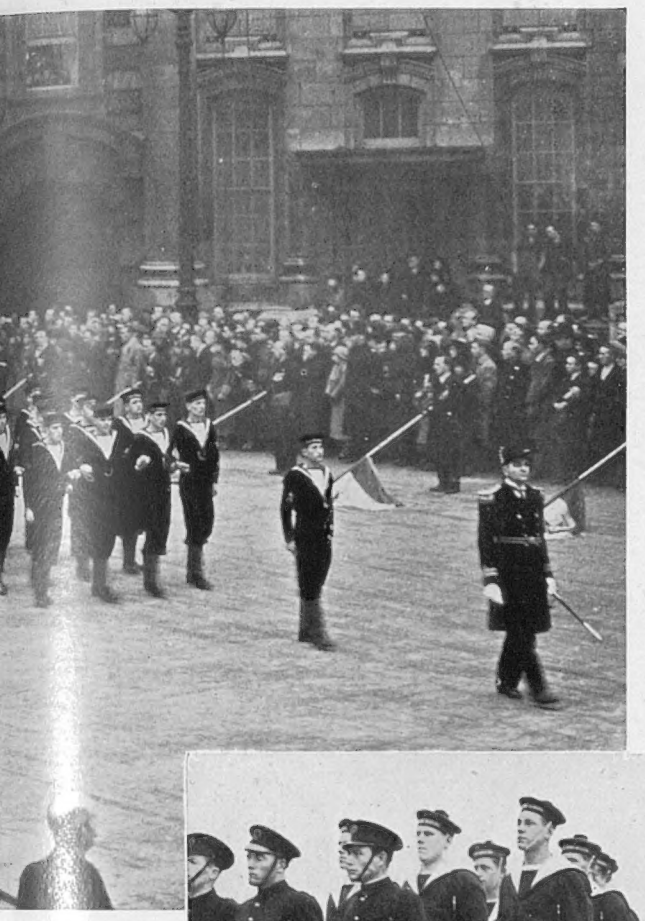


PASSING G.H.Q.: Admirals, a Field-Marshal and an Air Marshal acting as pall bearers and men of H.M.S. *Pembroke* drawing the gun carriage on which the flag-draped coffin lay, an impressive scene as the funeral procession of Lord Jellicoe emerged from beneath Admiralty Arch on its way to St. Paul's Cathedral for the burial. Silent crowds lined the streets and, as the cortege passed, Legion flags dipped in salute

BADOGLIO AND BIG BUSINESS.—Our "little war" at home in the constituencies temporarily diverted our eyes from the other nasty business in Ethiopia. There, the walk-over is said to be over and what resistance Abyssinia can offer is now likely to be made. So de Bono, the hero of Italy, crowned with rather easy won laurels for a bloodless Adowa and the occupation without tears of Makalle, is hustled upstairs with a Marshal's baton, and a younger (and more promising-looking) Marshal takes over the race between conquest and Sanctions. Pietro Badoglio has had as much active experience as any Italian soldier. He started as a child in the gunners and saw service at Tripoli and gained promotion at Zanur in the field. He went through the Great War in active command and on the Staff, and was loaded with honours. He has been a politician and a diplomat since the war (a Senator and Brazilian Ambassador). He was appointed C.G.S. (all arms) in 1925. De Bono had seen more of Abyssinian warfare than his successor and was one of Mussolini's picked men in the early days of Fascism. Accordingly, his retirement is the more significant of Mussolini's own view of the past conduct of the war and of the difficulties still to come. One point, when one considers the duration of this horrible war, should not be lost sight of. I refer to Italy's needs and Italy's memories. Abyssinia is a much more healthy climate than people imagine. Under ordered and peaceful conditions a big emigration from Italy could in time be effectively settled there. And Italy must find an outlet or burst. Her efforts to effect a peaceful penetration totally failed and have left the bitterest memories with all Italians who genuinely attempted it. Italy's needs and grievances were real, and afford a strong determination to get by force what diplomacy could not secure. In the Emperor, Mussolini found a diplomatist and propagandist of the shrewdest and "livest" kind. Europe indeed perfectly realises Italy's needs and grievances. It is compelled by League morality to condemn her methods. The whole problem of League action is set upon the horns of a terrible dilemma. If nothing effective were done the League goes up in a puff of smoke. If Italy is pressed too far she is driven into the arms of German Nazism and a great Nazi block encircles half Europe. The fearful problem is unsolved. The worst possibilities remain to be developed.

RE-ORGANISATION AT COURT.—The changes in the King's Household are of personal as well as constitutional interest to many. The most perfectly run and efficient institution in our constitution is at once our pride, and of an almost "family" interest, the King being so essentially the father of his people. The new re-organisation follows logically on the scaling-down reforms carried out during the slump period, reforms which were at the time conditioned by the King's determination not to displace his old and faithful advisers and servants. Lord Sysonby's death was a fit occasion for the re-organisation. It entails but one new entry into the King's service—Mr. Lascelles. Lord Wigram, the King's Private Secretary, takes over a portion of Lord Sysonby's duties as Treasurer and Keeper of the Privy Purse. Sir Ralph Harwood, who was called in in 1931, to advise on the reduction of the Civil list income, becomes Financial Secretary—a new post—and takes over the portion of Lord Sysonby's duties relevant to that post. Major Hardinge becomes Lord Wigram's deputy in both his offices. He has been for fifteen years an assistant private secretary. The fourth and fifth private secretaries are Mr. Frank Mitchell and Mr. A. F. Lascelles. Mr. Mitchell, who is a son

of "Mike" Mitchell, beloved of Etonians, entered the King's service as Press Secretary at the rearrangement of posts in 1920. Mr. Lascelles, the new recruit, probably possessed the widest experience of all available candidates. He went out to Madras when his brother-in-law, Sir George (now Lord) Lloyd was Governor. He married in India the eldest daughter of the Viceroy, Lord Chelmsford, and was in India at a time of peculiar Imperial importance. He returned to become Assistant-Secretary to the Prince of Wales during several vital years and made with the Prince more than one important Colonial tour. Then he accompanied Lord Bessborough to Canada as Private Secretary and those who attended the Canada Club dinner to the ex-Governor-General learned how great a reputation he had made there, and what golden opinions he had won from his chief



and from Conservative and Liberal leaders in Canadian politics. He fought in the war in the Bedfordshire Yeomanry, became Staff Captain to the 9th Cavalry Brigade and won the M.C. He is a fine horseman and an angler of great experience. He is approaching his fiftieth year. Doubtless in the next year or so, the reorganization, now effected, will be further extended as a result of experience of its working and as vacancies in other Court departments occur.

THE AIX TRIAL - FIRST ROUND.—*Omne ignotum pro magnifico.* It does not do to judge of trials conducted in France by standards of British administration of justice. That a trial of the appalling gravity of that which seeks to investigate the Marseilles assassinations, should have started on the lines of a dog fight or students' rag, is quite enough to make civilisation rub her eyes. The things said and done last week in the Court house at Aix-en-Provence cannot possibly have been so shocking as reported. In the courts in Paris I have listened to slapstick and buffoonery which passed as normal in French eyes. A yelling match between judge and counsel is no rarity. In France the naked truth will only break cover after the beaters (who include judge, jury, prisoners and counsel) have been lashed into pandemonium—the truth in France being more modest than elsewhere, that must be taken for granted. But even allowing that Hollywood "third degree" methods pass current in French trials, the Aix trial began in a more than usually electric atmosphere and is likely on these lines to be protracted. But we must not on that account create a parallel of our own devising—Lord Hewart foaming at the mouth and raining inkpots on bar and dock, the Attorney-General stamping on the wig of Mr. Norman Birkett and Mr. Birkett being dragged out of Court by four policemen screaming invective at those who had disbarred and dismissed him. It was not so bad as that. French justice moves in a mysterious way and the trial seemed a little abnormal to those sober Englishmen who report on foreign happenings to their sober British journals.

AN ALLY'S TRIBUTE: French naval ratings following in the procession to St. Paul's Cathedral. France was also represented by Vice-Admiral Lacaze, Minister of Marine when Jellicoe was First Sea Lord, Vice-Admiral Durand-Viel, Chief of the Naval Staff, and Rear-Admiral de Pontevez

HOMAGE FROM THE FIGHTING SERVICES OF THE WORLD: An imposing group including French, Belgian, and German naval, military, and air officers, walking in the long procession behind the gun carriage. Over fifteen nations were represented in the great company that walked to St. Paul's, and among the twelve distinguished pall bearers was Vice-Admiral Foerster of the German Navy

AVIGNON.—I deplore the late watery fate of Avignon and pray that the flood has spared some of the treasures I have seen and loved there. In a sense, Avignon is perhaps (or was, until the great war) one of the most familiar to Englishmen of foreign cities. We learned in our cradles to sing about its broken bridge. We knew about it from our history books when we reached the period of the Pretenders, old and young. We knew about the Avignon Popes, and at least one of our venturesome relations had ventured so far as Provence, and seen Avignon, Nîmes, Arles, and Les Baux. Avignon itself I do not much admire as a city; in summer I found Nîmes with its enchanting gardens and treasures of old Rome infinitely more attractive and less dusty. But "beyond the bridge" Avignon has a tattered, shabby suburb, called Villeneuve (if I remember right) and in the old Parish Church is a dim "treasury" and in that treasury a little age-old figure in yellow ivory of a Virgin and child. A tiny, little sculpture, but perhaps one of the loveliest, liveliest works of genius ever achieved by nameless artist. Even the back-view of that little Virgin affords one a picture of mother-love, vivid, sympathetic, true, lovely. God send this little gem was safely stowed away before the waters rose. In Avignon "you may have" Bridge, Pope's Palace, and all else, before you lay vandal hands on that little gem.

MODERN READING.—It is very seldom that I differ from the views expressed by *The Daily Telegraph*. But I joined issue with it when it criticised a dictum of the Bishop of Blackburn condemning the sort of stuff the public likes to read to-day. *The Daily Telegraph* quoted Sir Anthony Absolute's "A circulating library in a town is an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge," and it is no doubt right in pointing out how absurdly over-austere seems to-day the condemnation of the subversive tendencies of *Jane Eyre* (for example). But it is as proper to-day as ever it was to declare that a circulating library in a country town is a tragic sidelight on our social life and the rottenness of public taste. The demand of its patrons compels it to provide and to concentrate on the sort of fiction which is the reverse of sane, decent, healthy, constructive, and optimistic, and it is no extenuation of public taste to declare (with truth) that "best-selling" novels are often sickeningly sentimental. The country-town library to-day caters for the "kitchen maid" of Victorian legend. There is not to be found on its shelves any type of literature but novels of sex and crime in any fair proportion.

MODERN AMERICAN USAGE.—A new and learned American counterpart to Fowler's indispensable *Modern English Usage* should be in every British library. The Oxford University Press can supply such a book by Mr. H. W. Horwill. We often say England and America "don't speak the same language." In the same breath we pray for that union and co-operation between the great English-speaking nations. Curiously enough, modern American usage is just as often more strictly faithful to the original meaning of an English word as it is remarkable for coining new meanings to old words. Mr. Horwill deals learnedly with several classes of difference between English and American usage. He suggests perhaps more than he explains. They may make you want to know what *was* the original meaning of (say) "town," not now used in England; what is the figurative meaning of "gridiron" or "pork"; and what America's special application of "homestead." The *Dictionary of Modern American Usage* will tell you and you will better understand the American language when you have studied it.

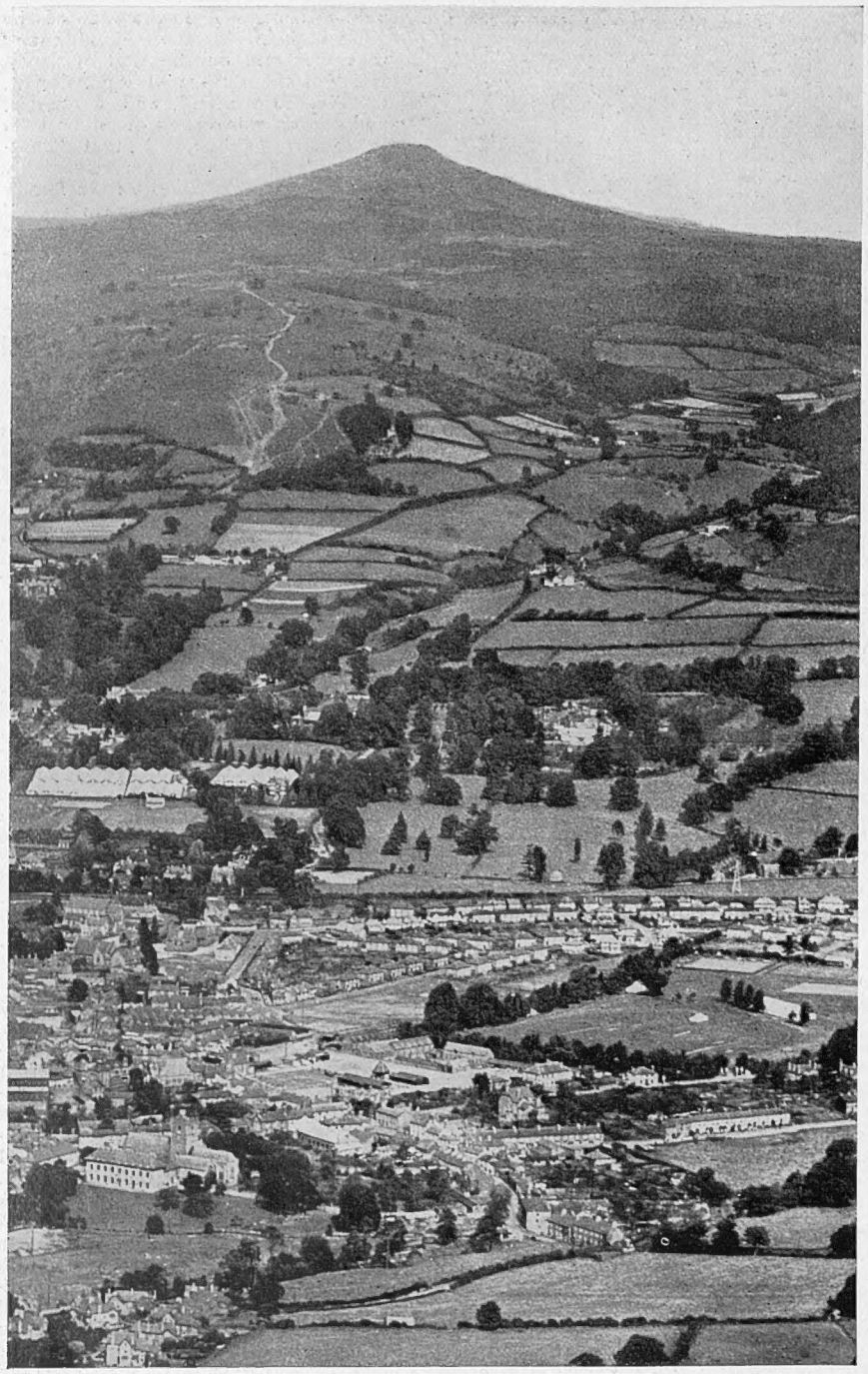
PRODUCTS OF CYPRUS.—Lady Palmer, the wife of the Governor of Cyprus, has organised a really interesting sale of work produced in that island. It is fixed for Tuesday, December 3, at 39, Charles Street, and I recommend a visit that afternoon. Women who appreciate good needlework will delight in the drawn-thread work of Lefkara, that charming little hill town famous for its spring flowers; with embroidered linen from Paphos, beloved of Venus; delicate lace from Kyrenia. Men can taste and buy several new brands of the colony's cigarettes which I think can be as good as the best Turkish. Indeed, Cyprus is the only British colony that can grow real Turkish. Lord Rennell will give a discourse during the afternoon; slides will be shown illustrating the attractions of the blessed isle—divine in its sunshine in spring, cool and bracing in summer on the 5,000-ft. uplands of Mount Trooidos. And I doubt not several illustrious visitors will on that day mingle with the crowd.

THE OLD STAGER

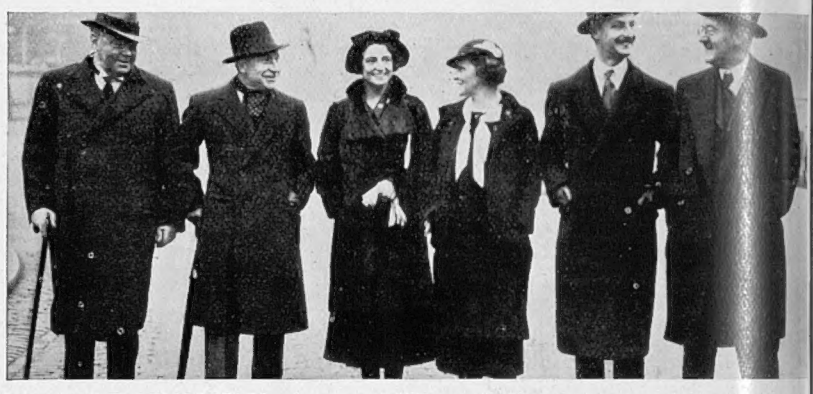
THE LAST RESTING PLACE AMONG HIS PEERS: Crowds filing past the tomb of Jellicoe in an alcove of the crypt of St. Paul's, a few paces from the burial place of Nelson and Collingwood. Many of the wreaths, it will be noted, consisted of Flanders poppies made by men of the British Legion. The ex-Kaiser was among those who sent tributes

HOME AND IMPERIAL

KINGS OF THE KITCHEN: Some of the distinguished chefs who met to make the tions at the Hotel, Restaurant, and Catering Exhibition which is now on in London. A. C. Juriens of the Swiss Culinary Society, E. Herbodeau of the Carlton, C. Bianchi R. Verger, secretary. *Back row*—E. Cretier of the Holborn Restaurant, P. Berney, fords, H. Malet, M. Parcevault of Claridge's, F. Spelta of the Piccadilly Hotel.



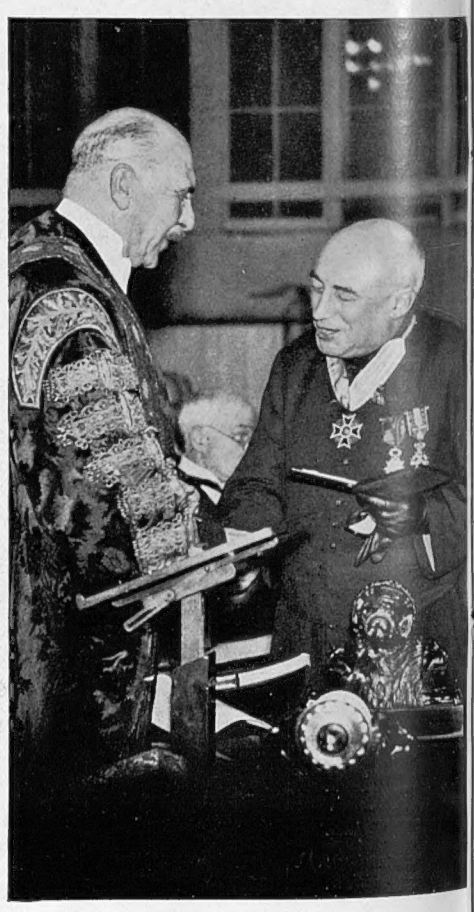
A WELSH BEAUTY SPOT FOR THE NATION: The well-known hill, the Sugar Loaf, north of Abergavenny, Monmouthshire, which has been presented to the National Trust by Viscountess Rhondda and the Dowager Viscountess Rhondda as a memorial to the first Viscount Rhondda, the distinguished politician and industrialist. The hill, which embraces 2,100 acres, rises to a height of almost 2,000 ft. and commands fine views northwards to the Black Mountains and south-westwards to Usk and Monmouth



PARLIAMENT REASSEMBLES: A group of M.P.s posing for a picture outside the House of Commons last Tuesday. In the centre are two of the nine women members—Mrs. Tate, who only just managed to get in at Frome, and Lady Astor, who had her usual overwhelming victory at Plymouth. The latter's son, Mr. William Astor (*second from right*) was one of the youngest candidates at the election and had a surprising success in East Fulham which was regarded as a safe Labour seat

THE HOUSE OF TRAGEDY: The exterior of 27, Wimpole Street, where Mrs. Philip Franklin, wife of the well-known ear, nose, and throat surgeon and ostologist, her niece, and three servants were recently burnt to death in a fire that started just before dawn when they were asleep. It was revealed at the inquest that leakage of gas and electric current, going on slowly for years unsuspected, was the probable cause of the outbreak. It will be noted that the curtains of the ground floor and first floor rooms were not burnt

DISCUSSING THE MERITS OF A NEW SKATE: Mr. Jack Dunn, runner-up in the 1935 World's Skating Championships, and who is generally regarded as a title-holder of the near future, chatting with Miss Mollie Phillips, who is training for the Olypmic Trials at the Ice Club, Millbank. The season is now in full swing at the club, and, as usual, preparations are being made for a number of gala performances which are to be held during the next few months



THE EARL OF ATHLONE, the Chancellor, presenting a medal to Abbé Henri Breuil, the distinguished French archæologist, during the Foundation Day celebrations at London University

The Viceroy Attends Miss Primrose Salt's Wedding—The Sugar Loaf for the Nation—London Chefs Confer

final arrangements for judging the cookery competi- *Left to right, front row*—R. Rossignol of the Blue Train, of the Café Royal and the Italian Culinary Society, and H. C. Jordan of the R.A.F. Club, P. Boettiger of Crock- P. Grandjean, and P. Baily of the Embassy Club

SWIMMING FOR THEIR LIVES: A flock of sheep cut off by the floods near St. Asaph, Flintshire, making a bid for safety —a remarkable picture taken by a photographer standing waist deep in water. This scene is typical of recently-prevailing conditions in many parts of Wales, where, as in England, thousands of acres of farmland have been inundated by streams swollen by the torrential rains, and many cattle have been lost. The main road between Rhuddlan and St. Asaph was several feet deep in water in some places, and it was impossible to make postal and milk deliveries

WEDDING BELLS IN THE INDIAN CAPITAL: The official group taken at the reception following the marriage at the Church of the Redemption, Delhi, of Miss Primrose Salt, a notable debutante of 1933, and Mr. Anthony Hope Osborne of the Queen's Bays. *Left to right, seated*—Mrs. Norton, Major-General Francis Salt (Commander, Territorial Army Air Defence Formations), Her Excellency the Countess of Willingdon, His Excellency the Earl of Willingdon (Viceroy of India), Mrs. Francis Salt, and Field Marshal Sir Philip Chetwode (Commander-in-Chief of the Army in India). *Left to right, standing*—Lady Leslie, General Sir Walter Leslie (Adjutant-General in India), Miss Kit Fraser, Captain H. C. Garden (groomsman), the bride and bridegroom, Miss Babette Salt, the Right Reverend Dunsford Barne, Bishop of Lahore, and Miss P. Davis. The bride's arm, it will be noted, was carried in a sling as a result of an injury received in a recent riding accident

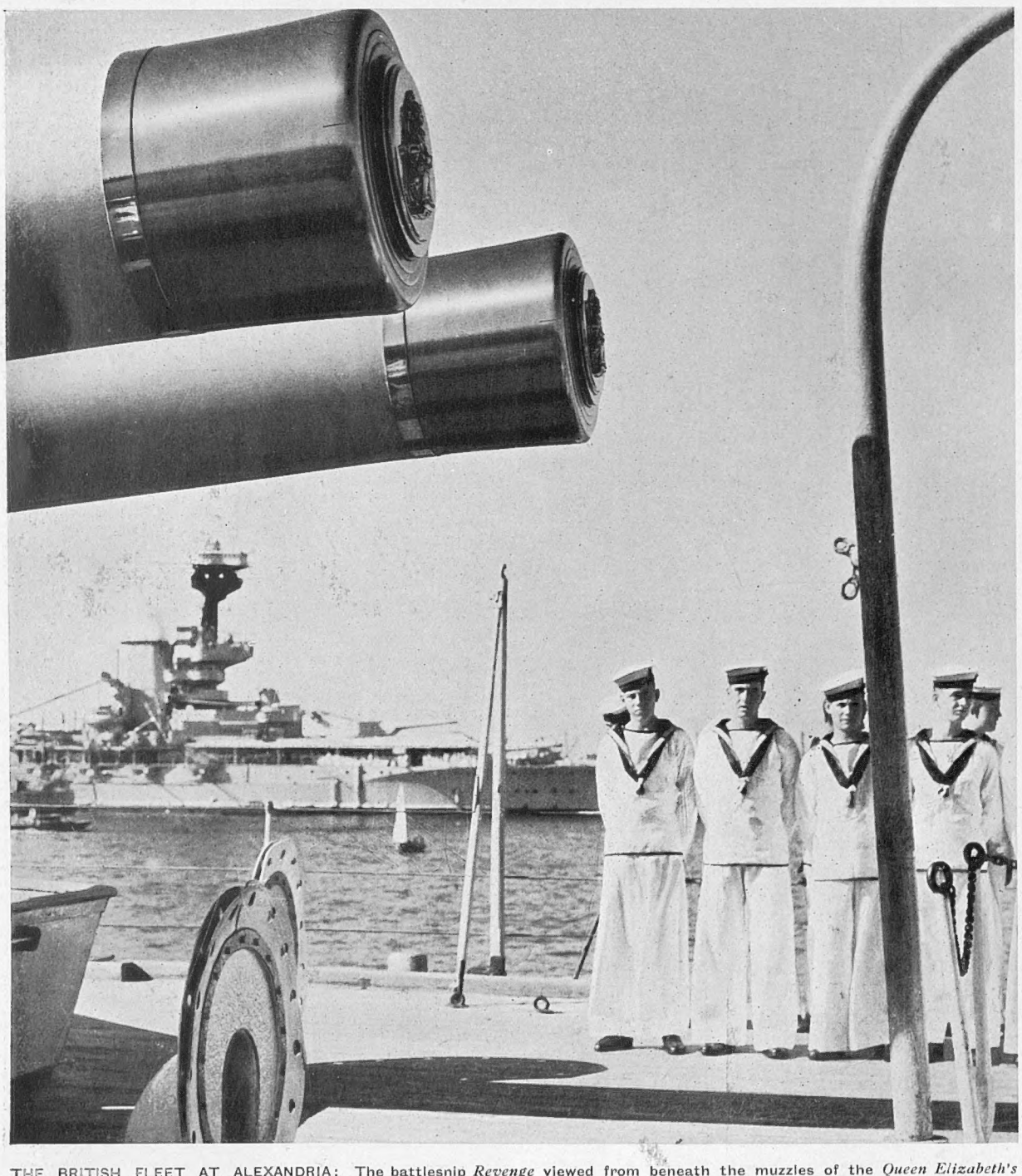
TROUBLE BREWING: Mr. Joseph Jones, President of the Miners' Federation, addressing members of the Federation at Barnsley Town Hall prior to the announcement of the momentous ballot which resulted in 93 per cent. of those voting deciding, if necessary, to enforce by a strike the claim for a wages increase of 2s. a day

DEVON HIT BY SANCTIONS: Pilchard fishermen pictured on board their trawlers at Plymouth where they held a protest meeting against the embargoes imposed on Italy by the League of Nations, measures which have had the effect of depriving them of their livelihood as up to now the Italians have been by far their largest customers

SEVEN DAYS

AFTERMATH OF THE EGYPTIAN RIOTS: The coffin being carried through the streets of Cairo at the funeral last week of one of the students, the son of an officer of the Royal Bodyguard, who died as a result of injuries received during the anti-British demonstrations. Expert observers of the situation are of the opinion that there is likely to be no more hooliganism, and it is believed that the Wafd (the Nationalist Party) is now attempting to curb the ardour of its followers

AT THE HELM: Nessim Pasha (*right*), the Egyptian Premier, and Sir Miles Lampson, the British High Commissioner, pictured together at a recent function at Gizeh. The former's firm handling of the Cairo riots has evoked widespread admiration



THE BRITISH FLEET AT ALEXANDRIA: The battlesnip *Revenge* viewed from beneath the muzzles of the *Queen Elizabeth's* 15-in. forward guns—one of the first pictures to be passed by the Admiralty relating to the concentration of our warships in the Eastern Mediterranean as an emergency measure in view of the Italo-Ethiopian conflict. It was the men of the *Queen Elizabeth* who recently helped to go to the rescue of the passengers and crew of the ill-fated liner, *Ausonia*

TRAGEDY IN THE MIDDLE SEA: The 13,000- Europe-Egypt service, lying derelict in on fire. Largely owing to gallant efforts by three passengers on board being saved.

THE NEW C.-IN-C. LEAVES FOR THE FRONT: General de Bono as Commander-in-Chief of as he took his departure from Rome a few sion to speed up the progress of the inva

OF HISTORY

"HERE ARE SOLD ONLY THE PRODUCTS OF ITALY AND OF NON-SANCTIONIST NATIONS": As a gesture against the League of Nations' embargoes, notices such as this are prominently displayed in nearly all Italian shops and cafés

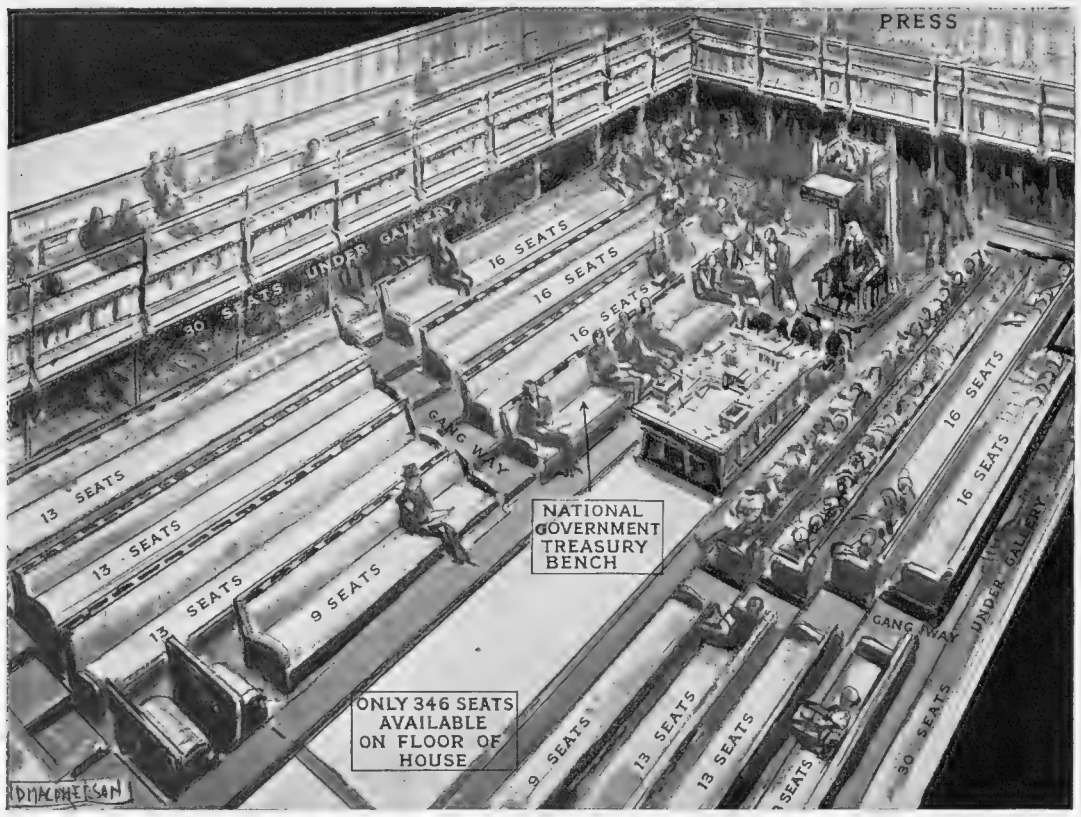
AWAITING THE HOUR OF THEIR RELEASE: Some of the prisoners who, according to tradition in such matters, received a free pardon as a result of the restoration of the monarchy in Greece. King George of the Hellenes ended his twelve years of exile last Monday, when he arrived in a warship at Phaleron Bay, afterwards driving on to Athens, where he was greeted with acclamation by the vast crowds, and actually carried shoulder high across the city boundary at Hadrian's Arch. In the centre of Athens it was estimated that at least 250,000 people lined the streets

ton Lloyd-Triestino liner, once one of the most luxurious steamers on the Alexandria harbour at the spot where she was grounded after catching men from British warships the loss of life was fairly small, all the thirty-but eight members of the crew of 230 dying as a result of severe burns

CAMERA CONSCIOUS: A gorgeously clad chieftain engaged in taking a picture of some notable ceremony in Addis Ababa and, incidentally, providing our own photographer with a unique opportunity

Marshal Pietro Badoglio (*left centre*), who has been appointed to succeed the Italian forces in East Africa, bidding good-bye to friends and colleagues days ago. He is a brilliant tactician, and it is believed that it is his mission. Details of his career will be found on pages 334-335 of this issue

ANSWERING THE CALL: Members of the Ethiopian colony in Jerusalem about to leave for Addis Ababa to join up. It may not be generally known that there are quite a number of Abyssinians living in the Holy City, and that they not only have a church of their own there, but maintain a convent. Most of the Emperor's subjects make a pilgrimage to Palestine at least once in a lifetime



Drawn by D. Macpherson

MULTUM IN PARVO: A sketch showing the limited accommodation in the Commons, seats on the floor of the House being available for only 346 of the 615 members. It should be remembered, of course, that only on special occasions such as the State opening is there any serious overcrowding

THE FLOOR of the NEW HOUSE

Parliament Reassembles and is Again Faced with a Difficult Seating Problem

TO most Members of Parliament the officials of the House of Commons say, "You want the best seats. We haven't got them."

When Ministers and ex-Ministers, junior Ministers and ex-junior Ministers, Parliamentary Private Secretaries and Party Whips, Privy Councillors, veteran Members, and Members of small political groups have selected their seats, the rest of the 615 may make their choice.

And a meagre choice it is. Anyone who becomes an M.P. merely with the idea of securing a ringside seat for the Westminster prize fight had better not be a member of the Conservative Party. He would be much more advantageously placed as number five in Mr. Maxton's I.L.P. group, or as number four in Mr. Lloyd George's family party, than as the 387th follower of Mr. Baldwin.

"Standing room only" is the order for those who have not been lucky enough to snatch a seat before prayers on the day of any really important debate. And even the standing room is limited, by the tolerance of Mr. Speaker, to a small space beyond the Bar and behind the Chair. If as many as 400 of the 615 choose to be present, the House of Commons will be almost intolerably packed.

Government and Opposition Whips met in conference upon the most reasonable arrangement of parties and groups when the House of Commons meets after the Royal opening of the new Parliament on Tuesday next. Theirs was no simple job of disposing the Government followers upon one side of the House and the Opposition supporters upon the other. They had to consider what to do with the considerable portion of the Conservative Party which overflows from the Government benches, where to place Liberal National and National Labour supporters of the Government without hurting their feelings or annoying the Conservatives, how to place the Opposition Liberal remnant without annoying the Official Opposition, what to do when Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Maxton demanded seats for their groups which the Socialist Party were not anxious to surrender.

The arrangement of the last Parliament was comparatively easy, though puzzling to the stranger who expected a nice alignment of Government and Opposition forces. The Socialists—seldom more than forty of them present at a time—sat upon the first two Opposition benches above the gangway, and a portion of the third. Mr. Lloyd George—when he chose to be there—sat upon the front Opposition bench. The Samuelite Liberals had the second Opposition bench below the gangway. Mr. Maxton and his two followers sat immediately in front of them. The Government's supporters sat everywhere else.

In the new Parliament the 154 Socialists require the complete block of Opposition benches above the gangway, and, when they are all present, some seats below the gangway as well. The seventeen Opposition Liberals, led by Sir Archibald Sinclair, have retained their second bench below the gangway.

Seating in the House of Commons is not merely an affair of placing Parties in position according to their strength. Personalities have to be remembered, and groups of opinion within parties. The corner seat in the bench below the gangway which the Socialists have annexed was formerly tenanted by Lady Astor. It is now coveted by Mr. Lansbury, who prefers to remain aloof from his former followers. Private Members and unofficial groups do not, of course, receive official consideration. But Mr. Lansbury has doubtless given a good deal of unofficial consideration to the undignified possibility of having to play catch-as-catch-can with Lady Astor.

There was, of course, some jockeying between Mr. Maxton's group of four and some of the official Socialists for four of the seats on the front Opposition bench below the gangway. Mr. Maxton won. There is no Member with sufficient personality to oust him from a position which enables him not only to hurl diagonal shafts across the floor at the Treasury Bench, but also to make sudden flank attacks upon the Official Opposition.

On one side of Mr. Maxton's group will sit the Communist, Mr. Gallacher, and on the same bench, near his old corner seat below the Opposition gangway, Colonel John Gretton, not because he opposes the Government, but because, being an extreme right wing Conservative, he thinks extreme left wing Socialist Mr. Maxton better company than anybody else.

In the last Parliament Ministers sometimes had to sit uncomfortably studying the toes of their boots while their right ears tingled with the verbal wallops of Mr. Churchill, delivered from the corner of the front Government bench below the ganyway. That is the seat which Mr. Churchill will undoubtedly occupy in the new Parliament, unless Mr. Baldwin decides to remove him to the Treasury Bench—which would be less embarrassing for the Treasury Bench.

The Liberal National and National Labour members have squeezed themselves into the remainder of the front Government bench below the gangway and part of the second bench. Farther back, at the corner of the third Government bench below the gangway sits Sir Austen Chamberlain, with Mr. Amery and Sir Robert Horne beside him. Mr. Amery finds the added height useful, especially if he wishes to drop verbal coconuts upon the head of Mr. Churchill; as, for instance, when he began a speech immediately after Mr. Churchill had finished an attack upon the India Bill by exclaiming, "Here endeth the first chapter of the book of the Prophet Jeremiah."

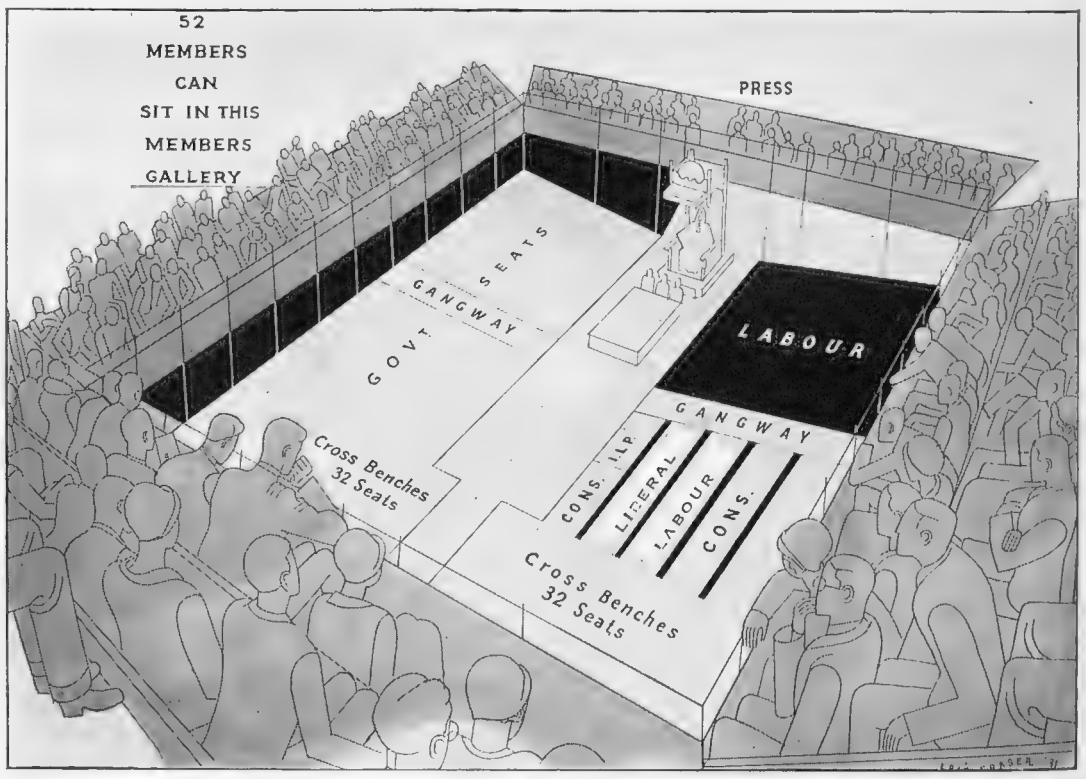
There is, of course, no recognised order of precedence in the House of Commons, even on the Treasury and front Opposition benches. Distinguished members outside the Government, such as Sir Austen Chamberlain, hold their favourite places by custom and courtesy. But the arrival of Mr. Clynes, Mr. Morrison, Mr. Shinwell, and other Socialist ex-Ministers will cause many lesser members of the Socialist hierarchy, who sat on the front Opposition bench in the last Parliament, to move back.

And whenever Mr. Lloyd George walks into the House, one other Socialist front bencher will have to take a back seat. The entire Socialist shadow Cabinet could not prevent the leader of the smallest group in the House from taking a front bench seat if he wanted to.

As for the Conservative rank and file, because they have the good fortune to belong to an overwhelmingly victorious majority, they will have to take their places in the queue which waits for the distribution of seat cards to begin at eight o'clock on Tuesday morning.

If they manage to obtain a card, and to slip it into one of the bench slots, they are sure of a seat for that day only, provided they present themselves at prayers. For, as the House of Commons resolved in 1640—"neither book nor glove may give any man title or interest to any place, if they themselves be not here at prayers."

A. B. Austin



Drawn by Eric Fraser

THE GROUND PLAN: The available seating accommodation in the House and how it will be occupied. The Government benches are on the left, but there will be a considerable overflow of Conservatives on to the Opposition side. The four I.L.P. members will sit in their old familiar positions, while in the row behind them will be the small band of Sinclairites, once known as Samuelite Liberals

On Trial for

MURDER AND FRAUD

Two Stormy French Causes Célèbres

EXPELLED FROM THE BAR: Maître Desbons, counsel for the defence in the trial at Aix-en-Provence of members of the Croat terrorist organisation, "Oustacha," charged with complicity in the assassinations last year at Marseilles of King Alexander of Yugoslavia and M. Barthou, the French Foreign Minister. The violent outbursts of M. Desbons during the opening session led to his being censured and, on the following day, when he persisted in his attacks on the magistrates, he was not only ordered to leave the court but forbidden to practise anywhere else in France. He immediately lodged an appeal against the sentence

THE PRESIDING JUDGE: M. La Broise who has had the thankless task of attempting to keep order at the Aix trial of the Croat terrorists and who at times has had to use a loud-speaker in order to make himself heard. Many readers will remember that Ferdinand Tuohy wrote a most revealing article on the case in *The Sphere* of September 21 in which he drew attention to the missing newsreel which would provide vital evidence

AN IMPORTANT WITNESS: The chauffeur who drove the car in which King Alexander and M. Barthou were assassinated in the streets of Marseilles. *On left*—THE ACCUSED: Pospichil, Raitch, and Kralj seated between the police in the dock at Aix. When their counsel was expelled for using "outrageous language" they decided not only to refuse to testify but to go on hunger strike

L'AFFAIRE STAVISKY: M. Albert Dubarry, ex-editor of the newspaper, *La Volonté*, who has been in prison since the beginning of last year, standing in the dock and answering the judge during the long-drawn-out trial at the Seine Assizes of the twenty people accused of being concerned in the Bayonne bond frauds.

The task of unravelling the facts relating to the case is one of extraordinary difficulty and has, of course, been rendered more complicated by the death of Serge Stavisky, whose evidence would now be of the utmost importance. There are no fewer than fifty counsel and two hundred and seventy witnesses for the defence

IN common with all other forms of transport, fog paralyses air traffic. It is not the fog along the routes which is the trouble, for the trained commercial pilot, provided he knows the height and position of obstacles sticking up into the fog along his course, can fly for long distances through fog and cloud by the aid of his instruments and his direction finding wireless. Landing in fog at the end of the journey is the difficulty. It is no use having flown through fog or cloud over a long stage if a thick blanket hides every obstacle and landmark round the aerodrome and the pilot cannot see his way down on to the landing ground.

GLOBE TROTTERS: Captain Harold Farquhar (*on right*) a member of the staff of the British Embassy at Washington, and Señor Fritz Bieler, a Mexican pilot, who recently arrived at Heston Aerodrome, Middlesex, after completing a 22,000-mile air trip during which they visited Siberia, China, India, and Africa

All sorts of schemes have been devised in attempts to solve this problem. Inventors have tried to dissolve the fog which hides an aerodrome by mechanical, electrical, and chemical means. The most promising ideas so far advanced are those which use radio to lead the pilot to his airport and indicate to him where and how to bring his machine safely to the ground. A number of such systems have been tried on both sides of the Atlantic with a certain amount of success but now a system of wireless beacons for fog landings, entirely new to this country but tried and tested in Germany with great success during the last year or two, is to be established at Heston Airport during November.

This apparatus, developed by the C. Lorenz Aktien-Gesellschaft of Berlin, has long passed the experimental stage in Germany where it was widely used on the air routes last year and was installed as part of the standard equipment at the airports of Berlin, Cologne, Hanover, Munich, and Frankfurt. It proved so successful that this winter it will be used at nineteen of the chief European airports including Paris, Zürich, Warsaw and Moscow, and Deutsche Luft Hansa, the German national air transport company, has had over fifty of its machines equipped with the special receiving apparatus used with it. The new installation at Heston therefore will not be experimental but will serve to introduce the Lorenz system to British air transport operators.

The ground equipment of the apparatus consists of three wireless transmitting beacons placed in line. One of these, the main beacon, transmits on a wave-length of 9 metres and provides the signals which indicate the proper horizontal and vertical course for an aeroplane during its approach to the aerodrome and its landing on it. It is placed at the far end of the aerodrome's best landing run. The other two beacons are markers. They transmit on wave-lengths of 7·89 metres and are placed respectively 300 yards and 3,000 yards from the main beacon on the line of approach. They throw a fan-shaped screen of signals upwards to indicate to the pilot his position in relation to the edge of the aerodrome and to tell him when to prepare for landing.

The short wave-lengths used by the Lorenz apparatus are one of its advantages, for this feature greatly reduces the risk of interference by other stations, and so airports comparatively close together can use exactly similar equipment. Another important advantage is that the pilot receives both visual and aural signals from the beacons. On his dashboard is a combination instrument which tells him whether he is flying true along the beam of the main beacon, and

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FLYING NEWS

Landing in Safely by Means of the Short-Wave Wireless Beam —A New Type of Heavy Bomber —Gatwick Aerodrome

A TROOPSHIP OF THE AIR: Designed to carry a complete detachment of men and their equipment, or alternatively as a long range bomber, this giant monoplane is soon to be tested by the Royal Air Force. Armed with two machine guns in circular, revolving, transparent turrets at nose and tail, the machine is pictured here with its retractable undercarriage drawn up into the fuselage during a test flight from the aerodrome of its manufacturers, Sir W. G. Armstrong-Whitworth Aircraft Ltd. of Coventry. Note the elevated position of the pilot's cockpit

following the correct downward path towards the aerodrome, and also shows him by light signal when he passes each of the marker beacons. All the time he will be receiving equivalent aural signals in his earphones.

These signals consist of a series of dots and dashes. If the machine is to the left of the beam the dots predominate, and if to the right the dashes. When the machine is on course the dots and dashes merge into a continuous monotone. The beam also operates a vertical pointer in the combination instrument on the dashboard. This pointer kicks to right or left of the central line in accordance with the machine's position in relation to the beam of the main beacon. If the machine is on course the pointer vibrates with the central line as a mean of the vibrations. This movement gives an indication to the pilot that his instrument is working.

A TAIL-END VIEW: A picture showing the rear machine-gun turret of the new Armstrong-Whitworth bomber

Beside this pointer is a vertical scale with a horizontal pointer. This part of the combination instrument is in fact a signal strength meter which measures the strength of the signals emitted by the main beacon, allows the pilot to select a suitable contour of equal field strength and to follow it to the ground. These contours run out from the main beacon at first almost parallel to the ground and closely packed together. They then begin to separate and rise in a gradually steepening curve. This is an important feature of the short waves radiated by the main beacon because the curves of the lines of equal signal strength conform very nearly to the landing path of an aeroplane.

At each side of the combination instrument is a neon tube. That on the left lights when the machine crosses the beam of the first marker beacon, and that on the right when it crosses the second marker beacon on the edge of the aerodrome.

When a pilot approaches the aerodrome he will first of all pick up the signals of the main beacon in his headphones. Because of the curvature of the earth the range at which he will be able to do this depends upon his height. Flying at about 1,000 ft. the beacon can be heard about eighteen miles away, and considerably farther at greater heights.

Supposing he is off course to the left he will hear a succession of dots and he will then turn to the right until the dots turn into dashes. Then he will turn left and

(Continued on p. 360)

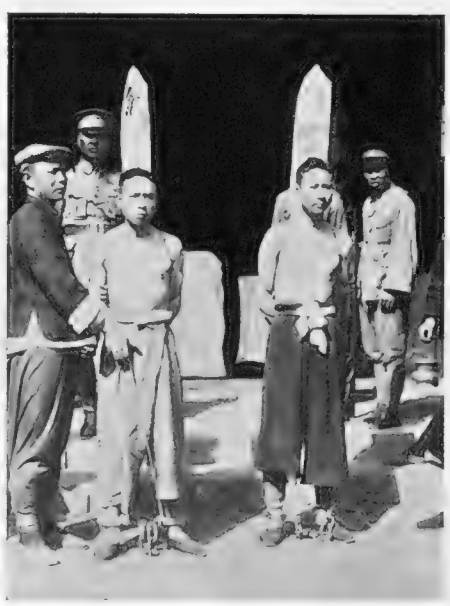
A POTENTIAL RIVAL TO CROYDON: The new airport now in course of construction at Gatwick, Surrey, where Hillman Airways are to have their headquarters. Workmen have been employed day and night to complete the task, which has been one of considerable difficulty as it has involved the diversion of the River Mole to provide adequate space for the landing ground. From the station seen on the right a fast service of trains will provide communication with London

CHINA'S "COMMUNIST" OUTLAWS

Vast Armies of Brigands who Lay Waste the Towns and Villages of the Hinterland

CONVERSION: The men kneeling in the foreground are bandits who have been captured, but instead of being imprisoned are about to be enrolled in the Government forces in order to combat their former colleagues—the outlaws who, under the guise of spreading the Communist faith, roam in vast armies through the hinterland of China, pillaging wherever they go and creating a problem for the Central Government that at times appears to be wellnigh insuperable. *Left*—A farmer and his children driven from their home by the "Communist" terrorists

ENTER THE ARMY, EXIT THE REDS: The city of Juiking was for over seven years in the hands of the outlaws, but when a Government force was recently sent against them they decided to withdraw without offering resistance, realising that they would find no difficulty in establishing themselves elsewhere. The picture on the left, however, gives some idea of the havoc they created before leaving, looting the shops and strewing the greater part of their contents in the streets. *Right*—The arrival of the well-equipped Government troops with machine guns



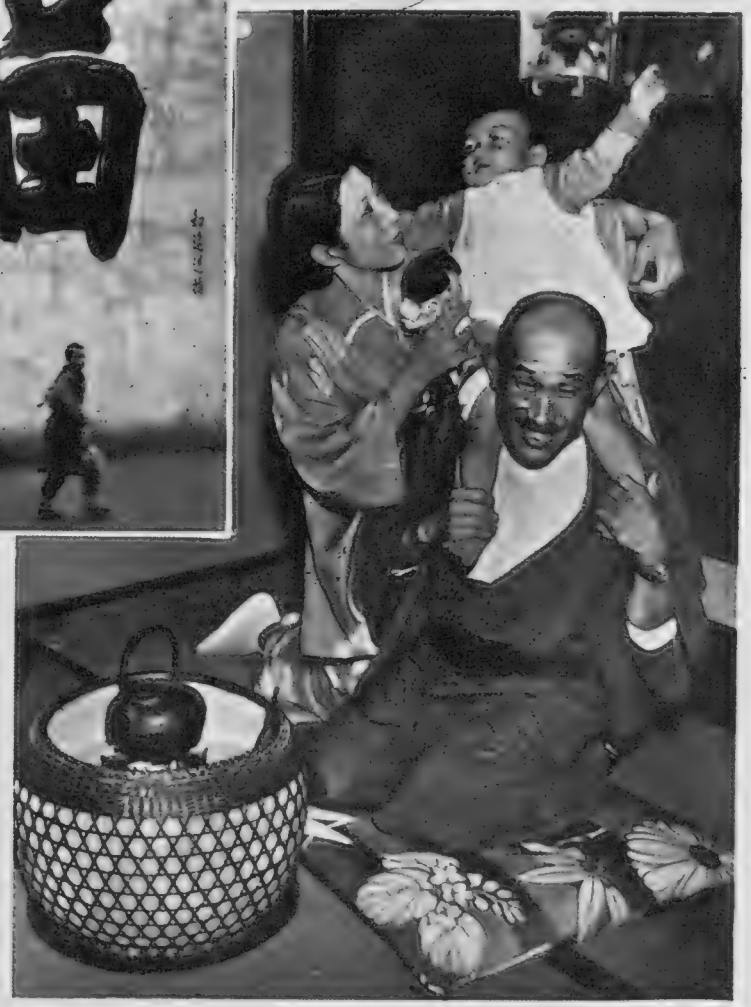
CAPTURED COMMUNISTS: *Left*—Youths who were found serving in the ranks of one of the Red armies and most of whom were sent to reformatories. *Right*—Ringleaders, their feet shackled, being publicly paraded before execution

THE National Government of China has many grave problems with which to deal, but none so important, so widespread and so pressing as that to do with the suppression or elimination of the hordes of disbanded soldiery who have joined up with outlaws and brigands, and who, for a number of years under the guise of "communism," have been devastating large areas of China's vast hinterland. These huge "red armies" are commonly known as "communists," but in the present scope of their activities they are just outlaws organised on a colossal scale, who, sometimes from choice and sometimes because they are being harassed by Government forces, move from place to place, bringing terror before them and leaving a blight on any district from which they depart. They profess to communistic principles because it suits them to do so, and they certainly possess and practise all the worst traits of the communist. But in reality they are just opportunistic outlaws, having no regard for laws nor for principles nor justice nor equity nor liberty nor brotherhood nor truth nor for any of the attributes of normal individual, social, or State existence. With them, might is right; they oppress the very poor and batten on those that have any possessions at all. They confine their activities, of necessity, to those areas mostly far removed from the ports and big cities, or from any place whence retribution might be expected or be possible.

JAPAN and her YOUNG DOMINION

Pictures from Lands which have Once Again come into the News as the Storm Centres of Eastern Asia

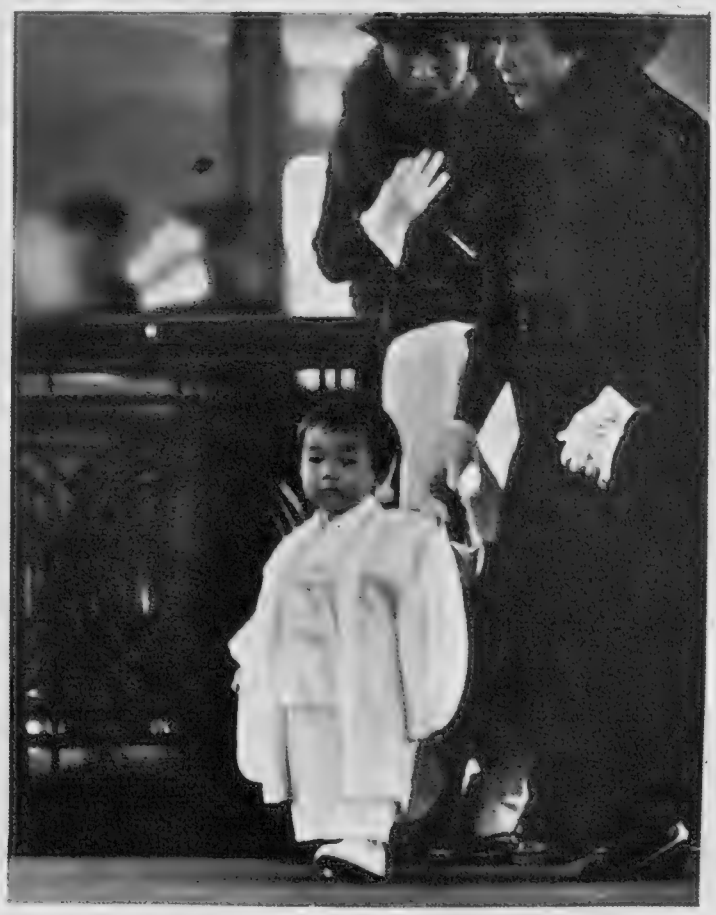
UNCLE'S ! The large sign on the wall of this building is the counterpart in Manchoukuo of the three golden balls so familiar on the outside of pawnshops in other parts of the world. A picture taken in Mukden, which was once the capital of Manchuria, and in Japan's New State now ranks second in importance to rapidly growing Hsinking



EN FAMILLE : Vice-Admiral Sankichi Takahashi, the Commander of the Second Squadron of the Japanese Battle Fleet, pictured with his daughter-in-law and his grandson at his Tokyo home after his return from more than ten weeks of naval exercises in the North Western Pacific

SILOS AT MUKDEN : Storage places for the Manchoukouan soya bean harvest, which this year has probably fetched higher prices than usual, as vast quantities of food are needed by the Japanese forces concentrated on the northern borders of China. The soya, it should be mentioned, is the principal ingredient in a favourite Eastern dish

EMPEROR KANG TEH REPRESENTED AT THE COURT OF EMPEROR HIROHITO : A new brass plate being placed in position at the entrance to the Manchoukouan Embassy in Tokyo on the day of His Excellency Hsieh Chieh-shik's arrival from Hsinking to assume his duties as Ambassador. The "New State" as yet has no ministers in Europe



NIPPON'S HEIR APPARENT : H.I.H.Prince Akihito, who will be two years old on December 23, arriving at Tokyo station with ladies of the Japanese Court before leaving by train for the Emperor's villa at Hayama on the shores of Sagami Bay. This was his first walk in public

PILGRIMAGE to VESUVIUS

Tourists Visit the Crater of the Great Volcano

Above—THE LAVA-COVERED PATH TO THE SUMMIT : After leaving the Vesuvian funicular, on which the first section of the ascent is made, the sightseers continue on foot across somewhat difficult terrain. They are invariably accompanied by guides. *Right*—THE GOAL OF THE JOURNEY : Walking over lava towards the crater which is seen belching forth steam. A week or two ago it was reported to have been much more active than usual and it was hardly safe to approach it too closely. The local inhabitants were informed, however, that there was no danger of a serious eruption

GAZING INTO THE ABYSS: Tourists at the edge of the crater

SOFT MUSIC TO BEGUILE THE WAY: A man with a guitar leads a cheerful party on the downward journey from the summit

REST ON THE DESCENT: A welcome pause on the rocky path

To-day visitors to Sicily can speed to the top of Mount Etna by car on a good motor road, but not so in Naples where the ascent of Vesuvius still demands a certain amount of exertion on the part of the sightseer if he wishes to view the awe-inspiring crater and look upon the famous bay from the finest of vantage points. The trip to the summit and back takes about five hours, and the journey is, of course most interesting when the volcano is displaying a certain amount of life

THE OCCUPATION OF MAKALE: General Santini's Forces make their Ceremonial Entry

THE ITALIAN INVADERS CONTINUE THEIR UNOPPOSED ADVANCE: A detachment of General Santini's forces making their formal entry into Makale, the capital of Tigré, thus avenging the defeat of thirty-nine years ago when the Emperor Menelik forced the small Italian garrison to haul down their flag from the fort of Enda Jesus. With the occupation of this key position General de Bono became master of the whole of Abyssinia's most northerly province, which he has placed under the governorship of Ras Gugsa who, it will be remembered, deserted Emperor Haile Selassie earlier in the campaign

On left — PEACEFUL OCCUPATION: General Vaccoresi, Commander of the 2nd Division, Native Corps, received with the Fascist salute as he rode in the procession into Makale. The inhabitants, some possibly cheered by the prospect of being given food supplies by the invaders, and others realising that it was their only course, accorded the Italians quite an enthusiastic reception. White flags were displayed in token of submission

ARTILLERY HOLD AN ADVANCE POST AT SHELIKOT

A battery of mountain guns manned by troops of "The October 28 Division" and defending a position to the south of Makale, whither they were sent forward immediately after the fall of Tigré's capital to guard against a surprise

A GENERAL TALKS TO THE WAR CORRESPONDENTS

General Santini, leader of the Division that carried through the successful advance, making an announcement to newspaper correspondents following the fall of Makale. He is one of the most able of the Italian commanders

IN THE NORTHERN THEATRE OF WAR:

THE LONG, LONG TRAIL: General Santini's pack mules on their march to Makale which occupied without resistance. In five weeks this of men has accomplished the remarkable feat of very difficult, mountainous country, enduring en route both as a result of the intense heat the food supplies. With the almost bloodless of Tigré the first phase of the Italian campaign come to an end and, coinciding with it, is the sion of General de Bono, the Italian Commander- who is regarded as having fulfilled his mission with the rank of Marshal and the gratitude of ceeded by Marshal Badoglio, who being a younger tation as a brilliant tactician, is perhaps better fighting that undoubtedly lies ahead. The new 1875 and started his military career in the ar fifteen. After taking part with distinction in and the World War, he became a Senator and, regime, Ambassador to Brazil. He was appointed Staff in 1925, at the same time being promoted

On left—IN THE HEAT OF THE DAY: A column ing with their heavy packs and with light dusty track to Makale

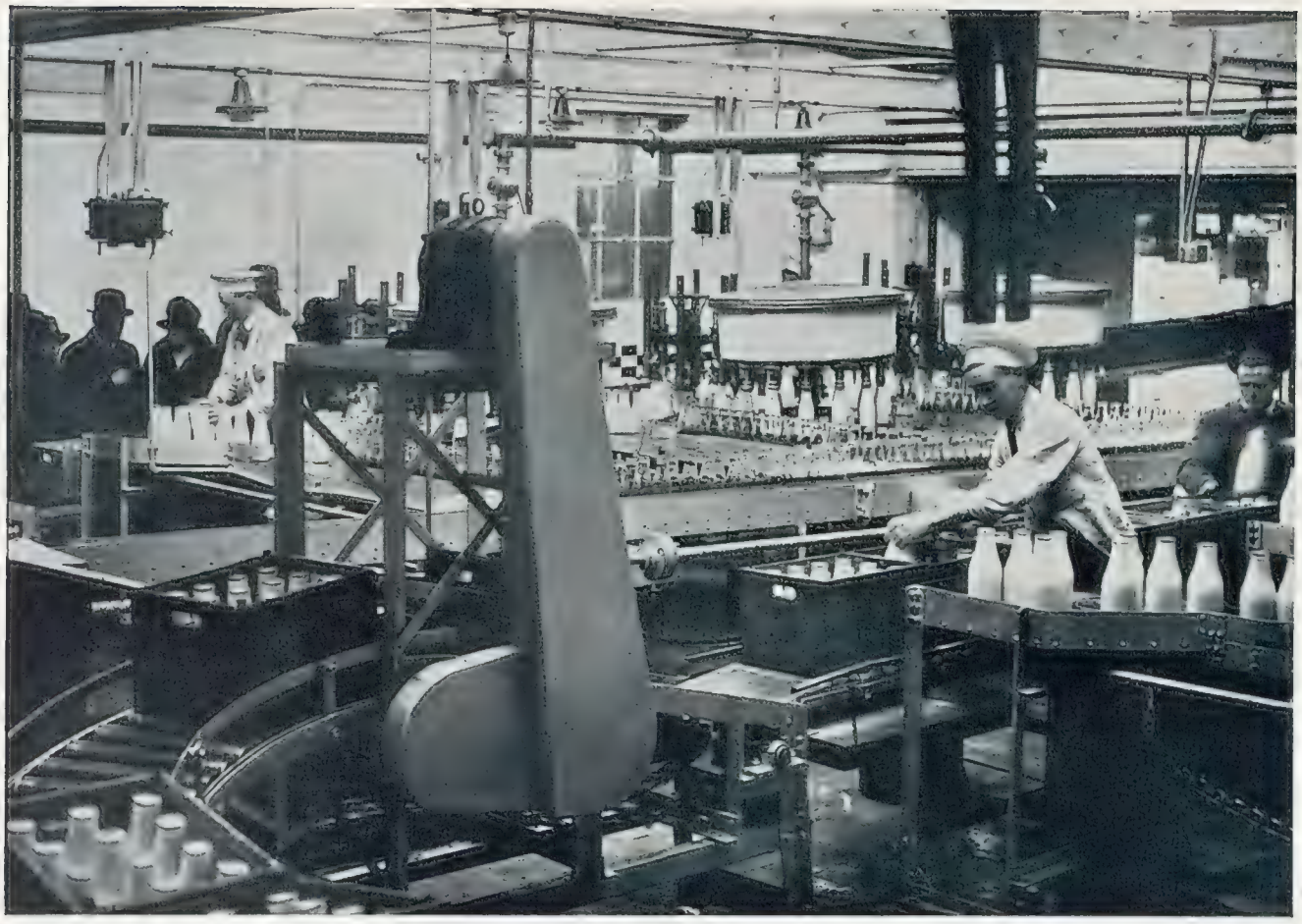
On right THE ROMAN HORDES SWEEP Troops taking part in the mass advance into to now the vanguard has been largely composed is anticipated that many of them will shortly task of roadmaking and that when the first big stand the Italian regulars will bear the

THE FIRST PHASE OF THE ITALIAN CAMPAIGN COMES TO AN END

troops accompanied by
early this month was
force of many thousands
of penetrating 65 miles
considerable hardships
and the irregularity of
conquest of the province
may be said to have
news of the superses
in-Chief in East Africa,
and now returns home
his country. He is suc-
man and having a repu-
fitted for the stern
C.-in-C. was born in
tillery at the age of
the Tripoli Campaign
later, under the Fascist
Chief of the General
to his present rank

of Italian troops tramp-
machine guns along the

ACROSS THE PLAIN:
the heart of Tigré. Up
of Blackshirts, but it
be relegated to the
Abyssinians make their
brunt of the fighting



GETTING IT READY FOR THE ROUNDSMEN: The machinery at Scrubbs Lane which works on the endless conveyor system and is capable of filling ninety bottles of milk a minute

HOW YOUR MILK REACHES YOU

A Triumph of Organisation

By CHARLES GRAVES

NOTHING could look more pastoral than the bottle of milk placed outside your door in the early hours of the morning. And yet it has to go through a metaphorically fiery furnace of sterilisation and distribution before it reaches you. I say "metaphorically" because pasteurisation, as you may know, involves the retention of milk at a temperature of 145 degrees for a period of half-an-hour. This does not in any way affect its nutritive value, and effectually destroys any harmful organisms, if present, of typhoid, diphtheria, streptococcus, and tuberculosis (to all of which milk is very vulnerable) but without depriving the liquid of its vitamins and other nutritive ingredients. As a case in point, if you boil milk you will find that a skin forms on top. This skin, which you lose, contains all the albumen. When you have poured the milk out of the boiling saucepan there is a white residue on the bottom and the sides. These are the mineral salts and sugar, which you are also missing. These detrimental effects are all avoided at the lower temperature employed in pasteurisation.

Milk is at once the most perishable and nutritive article of food in existence. Gene Tunney, the only man who has ever won the World's Heavyweight Championship, and held it on three successive occasions, used to train on milk. John D. Rockefeller, now aged ninety-six, said three years ago that a quart of milk and a round of golf were the world's best recipe for health. The human being enjoys his or her greatest degree of growth when on a wholly milk diet. When, in later years, the human being suffers from a wasting disease the doctor nearly always prescribes milk.

Every day 3,000,000 bottles of milk are distributed in Greater London. If you take a gallon as a unit, you will find that what the farmer is paid 1s. 5d. for costs you another 11d. That seems, you will say, a ridiculous impost on the part of the distributors. I thought so too, until someone pointed out to me that whereas a man in Devonshire who posts a letter weighing 2 oz. at four o'clock in the afternoon may or may not get it delivered in London the following morning or evening, the dairy farmer in the same neighbourhood will milk his cows at the same time and that milk will be on your doorstep in London before breakfast. If the distributors were to charge 1½d. for 2 oz. per quart bottle where would you be?

But come with me to Scrubbs Lane. This is one of the six pasteurisation centres of a firm of milk distributors which provides a great proportion of the milk of Greater London. As you drive up in a private car you see half-a-dozen lorries from all parts of the country arriving with churns of milk. Fifty yards away there is a railway siding which looks like any fully-fledged railway station where the milk comes by rail in glass-lined tanks. As you stand there the churns are taken off the lorries and the railway trucks, then the tops are removed and their contents are poured into a 110-gallon tipping tank. This is the only occasion when the milk is exposed to the air even for a moment. From here the milk passes through pipes by way of a brine cooling refrigerator into tanks containing more than 5,000 gallons of milk.

The milk is now at a temperature of 40 degrees and is kept in a proper state of emulsion (ugly word) by boat-like propellors which prevent the cream from rising to the top and leaving the rest of the milk in a skimmed condition. Nearby you see four brine compressors each of which can make 40 tons of ice. They are the machines which reduce the milk to a temperature of 40 degrees. The milk is then pumped out from these tanks, its temperature gradually rising until it reaches still more white and blue tanks, where it remains for the prescribed half-an-hour at a temperature of 145 degrees. It then passes to the bottle-filling machines. The bottles are mechanically filled and then transferred to endless conveyors taking them off to their destination.

Elsewhere at Scrubbs Lane you see a couple of huge machines which wash bottles. Each of them can do 250,000 a day, although each bottle takes half-an-hour to wash. You also see the machines which fill the milk bottles with the liquid milk. They will do ninety bottles a minute. The men who attend them wear white caps like chefs. They live in a world of eternal clinking with an occasional crash to add to the interest of life. These bottles in the course of their cleansing pass through a temperature of 210 degrees. They are inspected by squads of scrutineers whose sole job is to see that there is no foreign deposit on them. They finally pass through an ice-cold bath.

From Scrubbs Lane the bottles of milk are delivered twice a day to 100 different centres, each of which serves an average of eight shops.

To cut back, there are 100,000 dairy farmers in England and Wales. When their cows have been milked one of three things happens. Either the lorry from the distributing firm arrives at their farm at a prescribed hour and takes the milk churns literally off their hands; or the farmers take their churns to a collection centre (of which this firm has forty-two, most of them at railway stations); or they send their churns themselves by rail to Scrubbs Lane or the other London centres. In the latter event, of course, they are paid more because they themselves have to defray the cost of transport. On the other hand, the distributing firm, being able to handle traffic in bulk, gets a heavier discount from the railway companies and therefore can do it more cheaply than the individual dairy farmer.

At the present minute there is a great deal of excitement in the milk world. Next week at Caxton Hall a legal battle is due to begin between the dairy farmers and the distributors. The dairy farmers say that the distributors charge too much for the handling of the milk from the farm or railhead to the customer's door. The distributors reply that in view of the immense amount of safeguards necessary they are not charging a farthing too much for their share of the work. And in any case a reduction in their service charges would properly be for the benefit of the consumer. The case is likely to last a month, prominent K.C.s have been briefed on either side. The cost will be at a minimum in the neighbourhood of £25,000. The decision, however, will mean that the dairy farmers either do or do not receive an extra £2,000,000 a year from the distributors for their milk. The case will be heard not by a Judge and jury but by a committee of business and legal experts appointed by the Ministry of Agriculture. There is no question, therefore, of contempt of Court in referring to the situation in advance; on the other hand I have not the slightest intention of taking one side or the other in the columns of THE SPHERE.

Presumably, various delegates of the dairy farmers have inspected the workings of Scrubbs Lane. They have seen the endless processes through which the milk destined for London consumption has to pass after it has left their hands. They will be fully aware of the fact that this one firm (you can probably guess that it is United Dairies) employs 177 people in its laboratories alone. In turn, they are also aware, presumably, of the increase in dairy cattle in England and Wales. They also know, one imagines, that improved methods of production and feeding balanced rations have increased the average output of the herds very noticeably.

To deliver milk twice daily in every street in Greater London is a public service the magnitude of which is not always recognised simply because of its unfailing regularity and efficiency. The collection, transport, pasteurisation, bottling, and delivering have to be co-ordinated and conducted according to a time-table, without which the vast organisation would be thrown into unimaginable chaos. Many of the undertakings now controlled by the firm I have instanced date back nearly a century, when conditions in London and elsewhere were very different from those prevailing to-day. In those times London obtained its milk supplies, such as they were, mainly from cows kept in the urban area and in the country immediately outside. There are people still alive who remember the old lady who used to keep a cow in Hyde Park, and only fifty years ago more than 1,000 cows were kept in the neighbourhood of Drury Lane. The conditions under which this milk was produced and distributed would not be tolerated to-day.

One of the most revolutionary reforms initiated in recent times was the change-over from churns and cans (with the attendant risks of its being contaminated) to the supplying of safe milk in sealed bottles. One of the most impressive features of Scrubbs Lane is, that after the milk has left the tipping tank it is never visible until it has reached the bottles themselves.

Whoever proves successful next month, the fact remains that ninety per cent. of the milk distributed in Greater London has gone through every possible process needed to keep it clear from adulteration and impurity. It is also certain that even if the distributors lose their case and have to pay a higher rate for their milk, the same elaborate precautions will be taken in the future—more elaborate than those in any other city in the world. If the price of milk rises for us all, well, that is too bad for us, but at least the milk will be as good as ever.

THE ART OF CHINA

At the Royal Academy Exhibition—BRONZE the Earliest Medium

A CENSER UPHELD BY A FIGURE

AN EARLY COOKING UTENSIL

Two remarkable pieces of bronze work which have been lent to the Chinese Art Exhibition at Burlington House by Mrs. Christian R. Holmes, of New York. They belong to a period dating between 3000 B.C. and 1500 B.C.

Lent by Oscar Raphael

OF THE CHOU DYNASTY: ANOTHER COOKING UTENSIL

Lent by H. J. Oppenheim

OF THE HAN DYNASTY: A GILT BRONZE BEAR

THE earliest form of Chinese art was expressed in bronze, and in the numerous and quaint vessels which are to be seen at the Burlington House Exhibition the skill and care taken in casting and inlaying—centuries before the Christian era—are well illustrated. Native tradition marks the date when the art of casting in bronze began as about 3,000 B.C. The first examples were ritual and cooking vessels in the Shang-Yin and Chou dynasties. These two dynasties cover a period of about 1,500 years, in which the mythical era ends and history begins, ending shortly before the building of the Great Wall in the third century B.C. Like another form of early Chinese art—jade—a great number of the bronzes have been rescued from tombs after age-long burial. A fairly common example of the early bronzes is seen in the Ting, a hemispherical bowl, set on three legs, and having two loop handles, rising from the rim. The bowls are decorated with curious inlaid designs. Though latterly this receptacle is associated with incense or perfume burners, in early times it was used for cooking and serving food, both for religious and secular purposes. Mirrors are another example of early bronzes on display. These were usually circular, sometimes with a plain back, but more generally with an ornamental silvered design

A TREASURE OF THE HAN DYNASTY: A representation of a buffalo which once adorned the Palace in Pekin—a piece 11 ins. wide and weighing half-a-hundredweight, which is chiefly remarkable for its size on account of the fact that jade is usually full of fissures and perfect blocks are seldom more than a few inches thick

Lent by the Chinese Government

A BRUSH HOLDER: A jade with the delicate colouring that proclaims that it belongs to the earliest and best period

IF the seers of Old China were designing engagement rings for young couples to-day, they would probably decide that jade would be the most suitable stone to be worn as an emblem of a hoped-for harmony. For jade to the Chinese has a very deep significance, apart from the colour and form of the stone. It was generally believed that specially designed jade objects, if worn for personal use, would bring about that harmony in life that all desire. They wore it next to the skin, and produced it only when real connoisseurs were present. Peculiarly enough, jade worn next to the skin improves in colour.

A ROYAL COMMISSION: When the Emperor K'ang hsi came to the throne in
and, feeling that a third figure would make the entrance of his palace more
brought the book of knowledge

CHINESE ART AT THE R.A. : J

The Chinese believed that even the handling of jade would give the mind a poise and serenity that eschewed all the petty things of life. In those days, however, many hundreds of years before the Christian era, jade was not that bright emerald green with which one usually associates the stone. Contrarily it was translucent white, brown, greenish-grey, or ochre. In the early jades on show at Burlington House many examples of the stone, as it was first known, are to be seen, and while there are more ornate carvings in that brilliant green, more popularly known, the most precious of all are those jade objects almost neutral in colour. For a long time jade was in ceremonial use at the Imperial Court in China, and official seals were made of the stone. It also had a deep religious significance. Actually brilliant green jade was not seen in China until the thirteenth century. Centuries before that there

FROM THE FORBIDDEN CITY: This carving of a horse was a companion figure to the buffalo shown on the left-hand page, and both were placed in a corridor of the Palace in A.D. 1421, when Yung-lo, the third Ming Emperor, transferred the seat of his Government to Pekin. Even then both pieces were regarded as antiques

in 1662 he saw the two emblematic figures reproduced at the top of these pages, ore complete, caused this effigy to be made of the dragon-headed horse, "who e over the bridge of the Yellow River"

JADE—THE SECOND MEDIUM

was a regular traffic in jade, which in time became a royal monopoly. In the second century B.C. jade was found in rivers, which had their source in the Kuen Lun Mountains on the borders of Turkestan and Tibet. While some was actually fished from the rivers, another quality was carved from the mountain-side. The "fishers" would wade into the water and identify the stone with their feet. Khotan, in Turkestan, was then known as the "Kingdom of Jade," and its king reaped quite a considerable revenue from the farming out of the various "fishing-grounds." Large quantities of the stone came through from this source in caravans, which were often looted before they reached their destination. It also came through to Yunnan, Southern China, from Burma over the border. Patterns were worked on the stone by means of sand and water, trickling on a revolving tool, which was worked by a treadle. Some of the

Lent by Oscar Raphael

THE GOD OF LONGEVITY: A sculpture of the Ming dynasty before the taste for profuse ornamentation had set in

most interesting objects on show at the exhibition are the early jades. Many have been rescued from the soil, where they lay buried for years. Some, because they were offered as tribute to an illustrious "dear departed" and placed in his tomb, while others were buried in the earth by terrified scholars, who feared the vengeance of a new dynasty, the first ruler of which was almost invariably out to destroy all the achievements, artistic and scholastic, that preceded him and equally those persons who were responsible for them. And, as is well known, the brush of a new Chinese dynasty often swept very clean.—**P. J. W.**

For the Christmas Table

McVITIE'S

Christmas

SPECIALTIES

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING

McVitie & Price offer a delightful selection of high-class Shortbreads, Chocolate-coated Biscuits and Wafers, Iced Cakes and Afternoon Tea goods, including Hanover Wafers, Assorted Shortbread and Banquet Cake as illustrated above. All of the very highest quality and most attractively packed.

SOLD BY ALL GOOD GROCERS

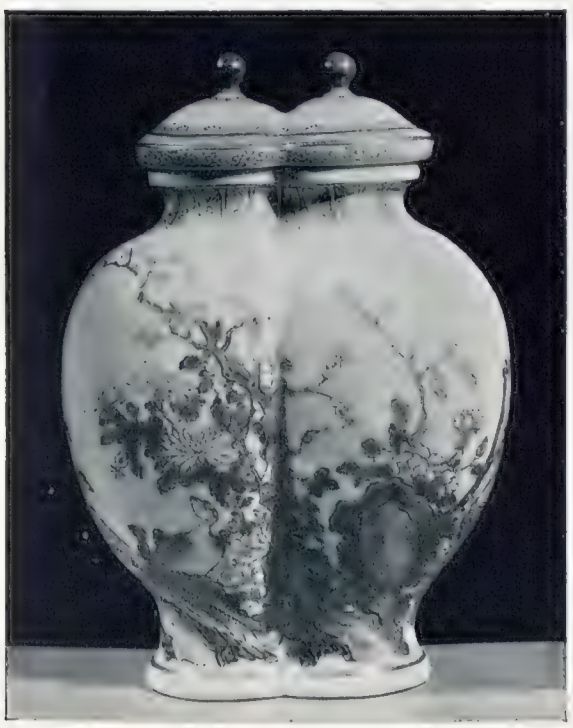
CHINESE ART at the R.A.

Porcelain—The Third Medium

A JAR OF THE SUNG DYNASTY, (A.D. 960-1279): Porcelain tz'u chou ware in dark brown glaze, one of the treasures of the Victoria and Albert Museum, specially lent for the occasion of the Burlington House Exhibition

A TWELVE-FOLD SCREEN: Lacquer of this type is known in Europe as "Coromandel," and the effect of the elaborately coloured designs against the dark ground is brilliant in the extreme. The majority of these screens belong to the eighteenth century (reign of Emperor K'ang Hsi), though some fine examples of the Ming dynasty are known

A PORCELAIN FLOWER RECEPTACLE: Another example of the art of the Sung dynasty, a period when, from the point of view of form, the potters produced work that no other nation has ever excelled or even equalled



JOINT JAR WITH COVER: A piece belonging to the reign of Ch'ien Lung (A.D. 1736—1795), one of the two great rulers of the Ch'ing dynasty when China passed through a period of outstanding prosperity and the applied arts reached a very high, if academic, standard. The quality of glaze at this time showed a vast improvement

The Advent of Glazed Ware

ALTHOUGH pottery dates far back in Chinese history, porcelain, by which the ceramic art of the country is more generally known is a comparatively recent comer.

Early pottery was dull grey in colour, and the only examples of it in existence are those excavated from tombs, specially manufactured funeral wares, and not objects for everyday use.

The exact date of the introduction of glaze, which made pottery watertight and thus useful for household purposes, is not known, though it has been ascertained that glaze was in use during the Han dynasty (206 B.C. to A.D. 220).

And the date of the discovery of porcelain, with which the name of China is immediately associated throughout the world is similarly approximated. For it can only be put within the broad limits of the Han dynasty (A.D. 220) and the beginning of the T'ang dynasty (A.D. 618).

The name of no single person can be blared forth as its inventor, and it is estimated that it came about through the tentative use of certain clays, peculiar to certain districts of China.

It was not until the Sung dynasty, (A.D. 960) that it blossomed forth under Imperial patronage. In the comparatively long periods of peace and prosperity, enjoyed by the populace during this dynasty, the art of China was supreme.

Selected potters were taken from factories and made to work in the Imperial Palace precincts. Art was worshipped during this period and yet the creations were simple in colour tones and designs and avoided to a great extent, the highly decorative designs, often associated with porcelain pieces.

Pale lavender grey and a beautiful rain-washed blue are features of the tones used during the great Sung period. Their charm lies in their delicacy of colour and their wonderfully graceful, but simple lines in form.

The art of decorative design on porcelain flowered in the Ming dynasty (1368–1644) and a great deal of the Sung aspirations faded from fashion. But each design on a piece of Ming porcelain means more than just the representation. Once more the subtle symbolism of the Chinese is exercised to point a moral or tell a story by drawing an analogy to nature.

During the Ming dynasty we are told that an Imperial porcelain factory was built in Chieng-te-Chen, near Nanking, the present capital of China. The materials for making porcelain were found in abundance in the surrounding hills.

As in the Sung dynasty, it was a great period for the arts of China, and particularly for porcelain. Indeed, it was during these two dynasties that the greatest porcelain pieces were produced, and, though the art prospered in subsequent dynasties, the effort was more to imitate previous creations than to embark on fresh ideas.

P. J. W.

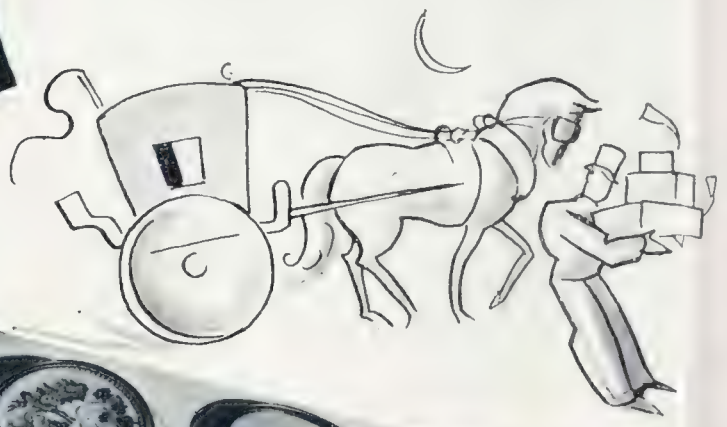
A TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF KO YAO WARE: A form of Sung dynasty porcelain in which the crackled glaze, varying in tone from bluish green to a soft white, is the most characteristic feature

A JU VASE: Another product of the Sung dynasty. Pieces of this type are exceedingly rare, as indeed it is likely that they would be since they emanated from a small kiln producing in the precincts of the palace at K'ai-feng fu articles destined for imperial use only. There has always been considerable dispute as to the exact nature of this ware

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

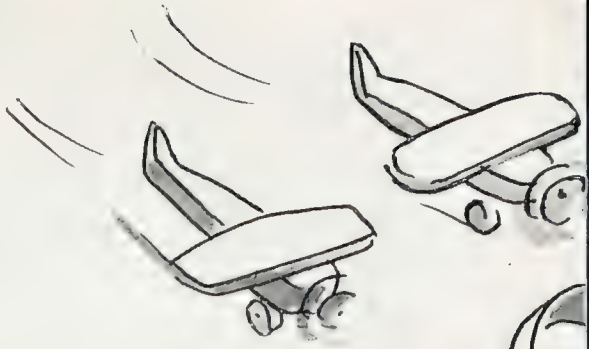
Gifts for a lovely lady—suggested by Coty. Long after the fragance of A Suma is but a memory she will treasure the carved crystal bottle with its four little red feet and its Chinese lacquer container. The tall Lalique bottle of Paris, le Muguet, or Nouveau Gardenia will also live long, while the green leather case containing three Coty perfumes—a light one with tweeds, a medium one for formal occasions, and an exotic one for the evening—would accompany her wherever she goes. Prices 47s. 6d., 27s. 6d., and 45s. respectively

The lady with the entranced expression is trying to decide which of the two watches she prefers. Both are Britannic expanding watch bracelets, which are made in various widths, and the watches themselves are made in many designs. A fine example of British craftsmanship, guaranteed by the makers for five years' constant wear, they may be bought for £4 15s.



For the men of the family a pure Cashmere cardigan (67s. 6d.), discreetly colourful silk pyjamas (55s.), suede slippers (18s. 6d.), a Scotch knit wrap (18s. 6d.), motoring gloves (25s. 6d.), a silk square (22s. 6d.), and a silk tie (6s. 6d.) From Austin Reed

You want to find a very special present that is full of personality? Here it is. The dressing-table set pictured above is composed of Austrian petit-point set in oxydised gilt mounts in antique designs. The cut glass powder bowl has a Watteau picture inside the hinged lid. Prices, 12⅓ guineas, and bowl 59s. 6d. From Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, W.

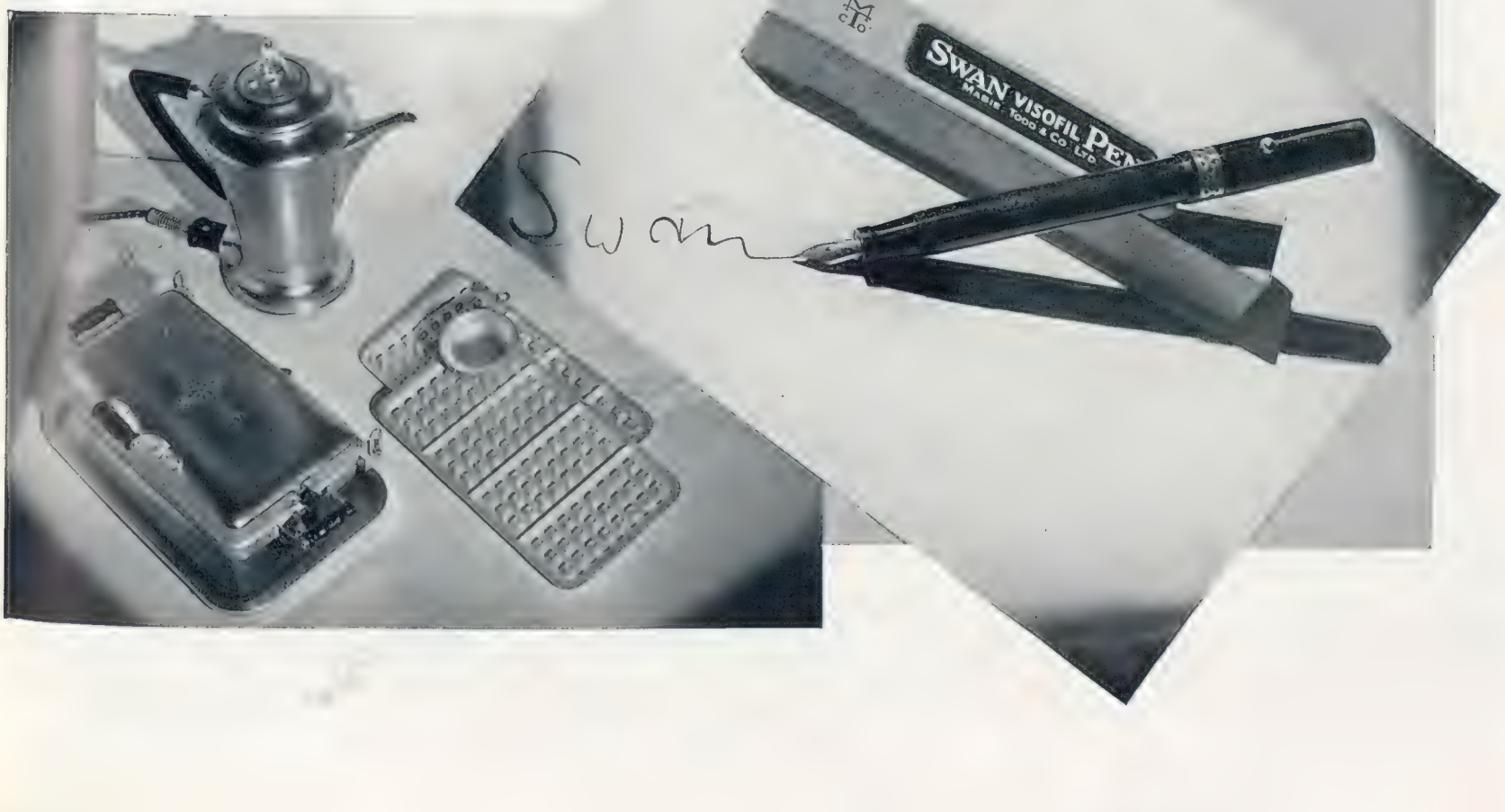


It is always easy to find something for the genuine home lover. On the right are three friendly items. A fireside chair; a mahogany coffee table of modern design; and bronze coloured book-ends, excellently modelled. Prices £1 7s. 6d., £2 12s. 6d., and 27s. 6d. From Waring and Gillow, of Oxford Street, W.

Nearly all children are creative by instinct, and nothing pleases them more than a gift which allows their imagination full rein. This is one of the reasons for the never-fading popularity of Harbutt's Plasticine. Get them a Travel box, or Novlart. And let them try their skill at Dapadart, the new dart-blowing game. They are obtainable everywhere

Sternly practical, but decorative too, are the electric gifts shewn on the left at the foot of this page. The chromium plated coffee percolator makes perfect drip coffee automatically, and by the time it reaches boiling point it is ready to serve. The combined sandwich toaster and waffle iron has interchanging grids and a cup to catch surplus fat if you want to cook bacon and eggs instead of sandwiches. It is chromium plated, with black insulated handles. Prices £2 5s. and £3 respectively. From Harrods of Knightsbridge

Do you like receiving letters? Encourage your friends by giving them one of the new Swan Visofil pens. Made in black and in two colours, in two sizes, it has greater ink capacity and ink visibility. Every part of the pen is made of non-breakable material, and its mechanism is extremely simple. Price 25s. Lady's model, without clip, 21s.



Rescue from a Coral Island

By JOHN DULSON

Here is the story of the rescue of seventy people who had been cast ashore by a gale on a little-known coral island in the Indian Ocean. A British cargo liner, the "Clan MacPhee" played the happy role of deliverer. John Dulson, the chief officer of the "Clan MacPhee," tells with characteristic modesty the full details of the quest which took the ship out of her course and into the treacherous reef-strewn waters of the Charos Archipelago.

It was late in August this year when we called at the little British possession of Mauritius, to refuel and land goods. There we were told a sad tale. The head of one of the trading companies begged our Captain to cruise round the little-known Charos Islands in the Indian Ocean, to search for one of his ships, the *Deigo*. She was a sailing barque, with about seventy people on board, mostly Creoles from Mauritius. The *Deigo* had gone to the Charos Islands carrying food for the labourers on the coconut plantations, and was to bring back a cargo of copra. Her return was now a month overdue.

The islands of the Charos Archipelago spread themselves over an area of about 120 square miles. Most of them are not more than 2 square miles in area. They are coral formations, and have taken heavy toll of the vessels which trade among them because each island is surrounded by a dangerous coral reef. The water is narrow between the islands, and therefore navigation is extremely difficult.

There are few permanent settlements on the Islands, but temporary camps are made during part of the year for the collection and shipment of copra. It was with these temporary labourers that the *Deigo* had set out to trade.

Our captain willingly agreed to do what he could to find the missing barque and to rescue any of the survivors. Accordingly, we put out from Mauritius and steered towards the Islands.

It was six o'clock in the morning when we sighted the fine line of surf which marks the south-west fringe of the Archipelago. The first island we passed was Rat Island. We cruised slowly along, keeping well outside the reef, blowing a whistle fiercely and keeping a sharp look out from the bridge. Not a sign of human life. The sheds erected for the storing of copra were deserted and closed, and the rolling surf of the foreshore was undisturbed. We steamed on to the next island, nearly twenty miles away, which is known as Danger Island. Here again not a sign of life. We wondered if our search would prove fruitless or whether we should come upon the sad picture of a deserted wreck with no souls to rescue.

Again we steamed away, and yet another island came into view. Peering through my glasses I saw a small, double-masted boat moored off the shore of this island. The crew became wildly excited, as it is well known that this island was not inhabited. Before very long this same small boat was alongside us, and two men climbed aboard. These were the captain and mate of the lost *Deigo*. On the shore we could see women clasping each other with hysterical joy, and little naked Mauritian children dancing along the surf.

The captain of the *Deigo* could speak English, and eagerly accepted our offer to take all the stranded people along to the permanent settlement and trading centre of Peros Banhos.

The little double-masted vessel proved too small to carry heavy loads from the shore to the *Clan MacPhee*, so two of the ship's lifeboats were lowered. Now the problem was to get over the reef, and near enough to the shore to embark the castaways.

I took charge of the first lifeboat and spent an agonising moment getting over the rolling line of surf topping the treacherous reef. Once done, it presented no more terrors and I cheerfully made seven or eight journeys to and from the shore bearing the people and their most treasured possessions which they had rescued from the *Deigo* and now hastily collected. My clothes, which were a minimum, were drenched every time the boat rose over the reef and it was eight o'clock in the evening before all were safely aboard the *Clan MacPhee*. The first thing the men did on boarding us was to demand cigarettes! They had managed to make some sort of smoking mixture from coconut fibre, but nothing was equivalent to a good cigarette!

By this time darkness was coming on and our Captain decided to remain off Eagle Island for the night. We, therefore, made the women and children as comfortable as possible and gathered in the Captain's room to hear the sad account of the wreck and foundering of the *Deigo*.

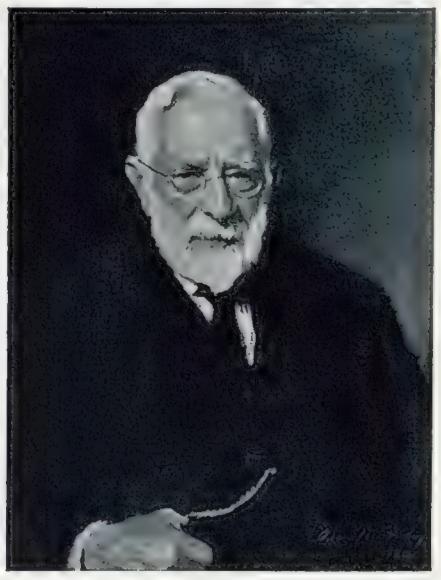
The voyage of the barque had been prosperous and fair until she reached Eagle Island, where she weighed anchor. Then a heavy landward gale rose and, although a third anchor

(Continued on p. 360)

WHERE THE CENTURIES MARK TIME: An old world scene in the harbour of Papeete—an American sailing ship anchored off Minute, the appropriately named quarantine island

RESCUING THE "DEIGO'S" MAROONED PASSENGERS: A lifeboat loading up before transferring them to the *Clan MacPhee*

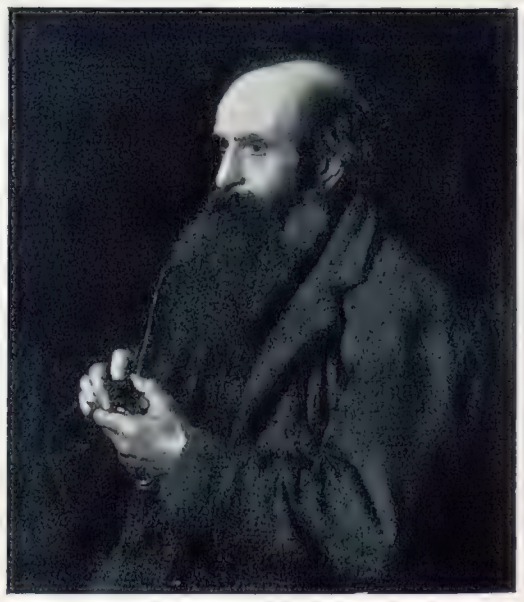
AT THE 44th EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS



MEDICINE AND INDUSTRY: Two notable works at the Royal Society of Portrait Painters' Exhibition which was recently opened at the Royal Institute Galleries, Piccadilly. *Left*—Oswald Birley's fine study of Sir Thomas Barlow, Bt., K.C.V.O., the veteran doctor who is Physician-Extraordinary to the King and held similar posts in the households of Queen Victoria and King Edward. He is now in his ninety-first year. *Right*—Sir William Firth by Howard Somerville, R.P. The sitter is prominently associated with the Welsh tinplate industry and is on the boards of numerous companies

GRANT RICHARDS BY H. HARRIS BROWN, R.P.: The distinguished publisher and author who, in his early days, worked with W. T. Stead on the *Review of Reviews*. Many people will remember his lively book *Memories of a Misspent Youth*, which was published about three years ago

EL LILLO: An example of the art of Cathleen Mann who is exhibiting three portraits



A CHARACTER STUDY: A striking work by J. H. Lorimer, R.P., the veteran Scottish portrait painter

A PAGE for ANIMAL LOVERS

Some New Arrivals at Berlin Zoo, and Other Matters

THE LOST LAMB

The shepherd returns with the straggler —a Bavarian idyll

THE LONG-EARED FOX: A curious-looking inmate of Berlin Zoo. It comes from Central Africa and is generally believed to be the fountain head, from which all members of the canine race are descended

YOUNG HUANACAS: A delightful picture taken at Berlin Zoo of these wild representatives of the camel tribe, which hail from South America. They are elegant creatures with graceful necks and slender legs

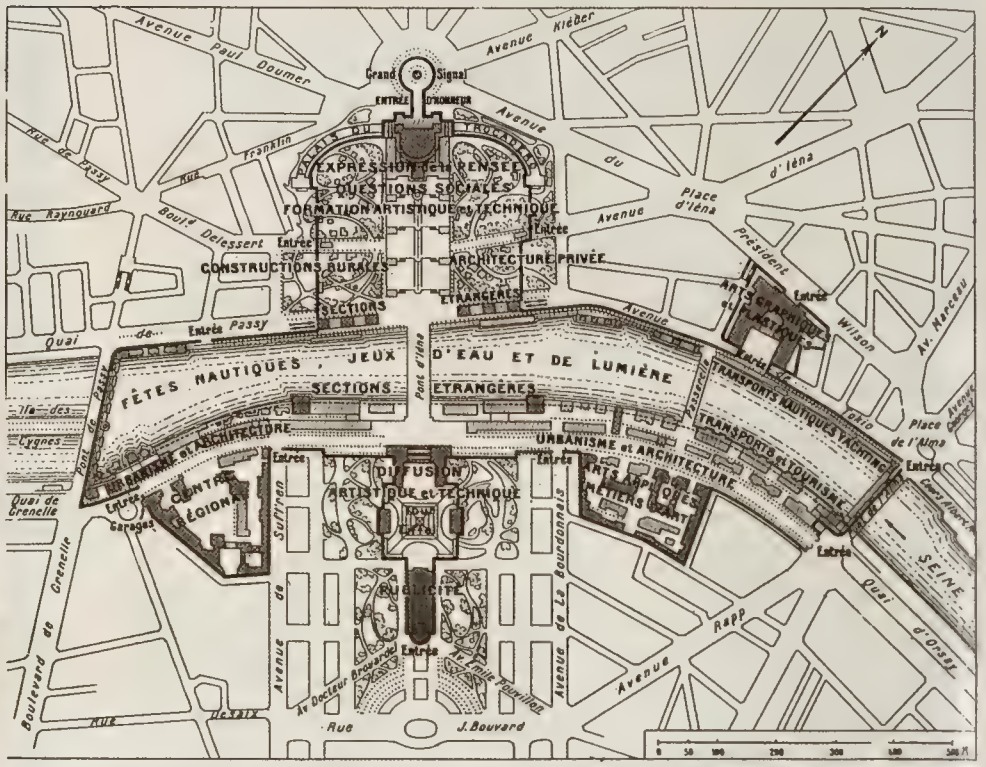
CLOSE-UP: A fine study of one of the larger species of pelican

MAKING HIS BOW: A baby huanaca at Berlin Zoo

Huanacas, which generally live in herds of ten to forty, are found throughout the southern half of the Continent from Peru to Cape Horn, occurring however in the greatest abundance in Patagonia, where they provide the principal food and the chief clothing material of the Indians. The flesh is palatable although wanting in fat

THE PARIS EXHIBITION OF 1937

The Partial Demolition of the Palais du Trocadero and Other Preparations now in Full Swing



THE GROUND PLAN: A sketch map of the site of the 1937 Art in Industry Exhibition, the main intention of which is to show the need for more commercial products of individual character and fewer that are mass produced. The buildings will be erected on both banks of the Seine, the two sections being linked by the Jena Bridge. The main entrances will be near the Trocadero (background) and the Eiffel Tower (foreground)

PREPARATIONS are already well advanced for the International Paris Exhibition which is to be opened in 1937 and is to occupy the magnificent site between the Trocadero and the Eiffel Tower. The main idea of this great display is to stimulate the production of artistic commercial goods as opposed to mass produced, standardised wares that are without character; and for this purpose artists and manufacturers are now collaborating. In fact they will attempt to prove to the vast army of visitors to the exhibition that there is no real incompatibility between the useful and the beautiful.

The Government has granted the necessary funds and appointed officers to organise this great show, the management of which will be in the hands of M. Edmond Labbé as General Commissioner and MM. Paul Léon and François-Latour, Assistant General Commissioners—men of proved abilities through whom success is assured.

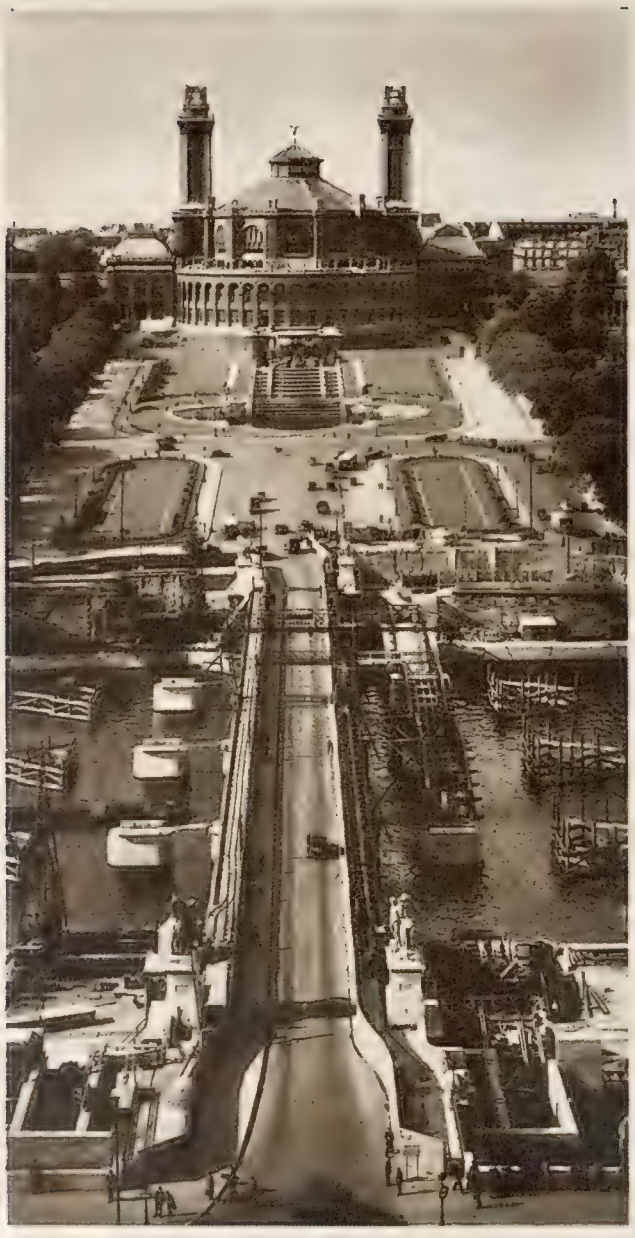
The site of the exhibition, as indicated by the map at the head of this page, is possibly the finest in Paris, stretching from north to south from the old Trocadero Palace to the Eiffel Tower and from east to west along the banks of the Seine, spanned at this point by the famous Jena Bridge.

It was at first suggested that for the purposes of the exhibition the Trocadero should be given a new façade, but this plan evidently proved unpractical and the greater part of the building is now in course of demolition, only the wings being preserved.

This huge structure, for years an outstanding Paris landmark, was built in 1878 on a site on which Napoleon Bonaparte had at one time contemplated building a palace for the King of Rome and it was given the name of one of the forts of Cadiz captured by the French in 1823.

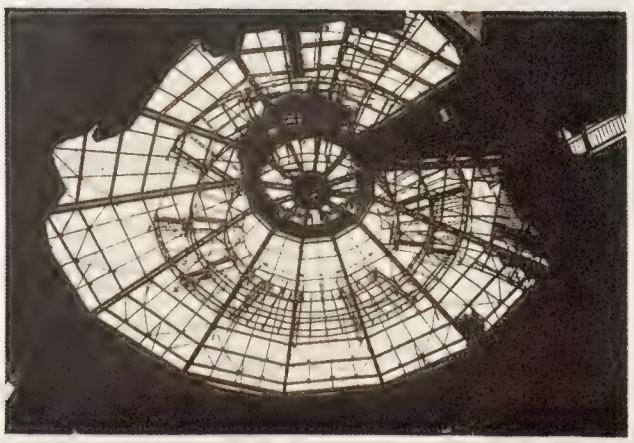
A FAMOUS PARIS LANDMARK PASSES: The doomed Palais du Trocadero—a huge building in Oriental style designed by Davioud and Bourdais. It was the scene of the World's Fair of 1900 and other exhibitions

The place, which is built in Oriental style, was designed by Davioud and Bourdais, the central portion consisting of a circular edifice, 63 yards in diameter and 180 ft. in height, flanked by two minarets 230 ft. high, and two curved wings (which are being preserved) furnished with galleries 220 ft. in length, the edifice thus presenting the appearance of an imposing crescent. The terrace in front of the central building is embellished with six outstanding figures worked in gilded bronze by noted artists of the last century.



LOOKING ACROSS THE JENA BRIDGE: A view showing the Trocadero which is now undergoing very considerable modifications, the wings being left intact but the main body of the building together with the towers being removed as they are not in keeping with the architectural plan of the exhibition

STRIPPED OF ITS ORIENTAL SPLENDOUR: The elaborately decorated Salle des Fêtes which seated six thousand persons and was the largest of the halls within the Trocadero



THE OLD DOME OF THE TROCADERO: The roof of the Salle des Fêtes which was surmounted by a colossal statue of Fame designed by Antonin Mercié, creator of the statue of Joan of Arc at Domrémy and a number of other masterpieces. The hall had a height of one hundred and eighty feet

THE APPROACH: The design for one of the chief entrances to the exhibition—the main building of the Trocadero removed, and the space between the wings affording a striking view of the Eiffel Tower

PEOPLE in the LIMELIGHT

THE CHRISTENING OF THE ROYAL BABY: The infant son of the Duke and Duchess of Kent watched by an admiring crowd as he was being carried by his nurse to the waiting car outside No. 3, Belgrave Square, before leaving for the ceremony, conducted in the private chapel of Buckingham Palace by Dr. Lang, Archbishop of Canterbury. The chief godparents are the King and Queen and the child has been given five names—Edward, George, Nicholas, Paul, Patrick. Interested spectators at the service were Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose

OUT WITH "THE KILLING KILDARE'S": Vicomte de Vanfreland (*left*) and his daughter, who are prominent followers of the Pau foxhounds, in the South of France, have been spending a hunting holiday in Ireland and are pictured here with Captain F. Boylan at a meet at Millicent Sallins, Kildare

A NOTABLE APPOINTMENT: Sir Ralph Harwood, Deputy-Treasurer to the King, who has been promoted to the post of Financial Secretary, and thus takes over duties performed by the late Lord Sysonby

IN TOWN LAST WEEK: M. Bonnet, the well-known French organist, who came to London to give a recital for the Organ Music Society at St. Alban's Church, Holborn. He also gave a broadcast

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE: *Left*—Sir William Bragg, who is noted for his researches into X-rays and for his successful direction of the Royal Institution, is the new President of the Royal Society. *Right*—The imposing statue recently erected in Warsaw to Marie Curie, the joint-discoverer of radium

MODERN EXTERIOR DECORATION: Frau Elisabeth Wolf-Furth, the well-known Czechoslovakian sculptress, putting the finishing touches to her new marble statue which will be the central figure in the façade of a house now being built in Berkeley Square to the designs of Robert Lutyens, son of Sir Edward Lutyens. Frau Wolf-Furth, who is the wife of a Prague advocate, has been a regular exhibitor at the Royal Academy for some years

THE MIXTURE AS BEFORE: James Cagney and Olivia de Havilland in the Warner Brothers picture, *The Irish in Us*, which began its London run at the Regal last week. The theme is conventional, and, as usual, Cagney is given plenty of opportunities to use his charm and his fists

STAGE AND SCREEN:

"Timon of Athens," a Play to be Seen Once—"White Cargo" has a Second Innings—The Need for Elastic-Sided Theatres!—The New Indictment of Variety Artists

THERE is a fascination about the unknown which gives to the sentence, "No one has ever seen the other side of the moon," a curious allure.

I would not say that no one has ever seen Shakespeare's *Timon of Athens*, though no one remembers the Sadler's Wells production, by Samuel Phelps, in the 'fifties; the play was done thirty years ago at the Court Theatre, and the Old Vic had a post-war shot at it. I know that until I went to the Westminster Theatre the other night I had never seen it. I read it as a schoolboy, mainly, I remember, because I had been told that it was the type of play which it is "quite unnecessary" for young people to read, and had promptly become convinced that there must be something improper about it.

The majority has a knack of being in the right sometimes in spite of Mr. Ibsen's dictum. It is for a very good reason that time and again we see *Hamlet*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *The Merchant of Venice*, and *Julius Caesar*, and that only once in a generation—if, indeed, as often as that—are *Troilus and Cressida*, *Titus Andronicus*, *Pericles* and *Timon* taken off the shelf and dusted, albeit of these eight plays *The Merchant of Venice* is, as a play, by far the worst.

HER THEATRICAL DEBUT: Sarah Churchill, the twenty-one-year-old daughter of Mr. Winston Churchill, who is to make her first stage appearance in the Cochran revue, *Follow the Sun*, which opens in Manchester two days before Christmas

Whether the latter groups are early plays or late plays or not entirely by Shakespeare is all quite beside the point, which is that they are poor plays. I am glad that I have seen *Timon* once, and I do not wish to see it again.

The Westminster production had its origin at the Maddermarket, Norwich, which I trust was a madder, merrier market than that off the Buckingham Palace Road with Mr. Ernest Milton as the chief salesman. Not that I can think of any actor who would play Timon better than he, or even as well. The mixture of Milton and Shakespeare worked as effectively as of yore, even if the Milton was up to standard and the Shakespeare decidedly below it.

The fault of the play is that its balance is wrong and that the misfortune which primarily overwhelms the principal figure, is not only of his own making (we can let that pass) but that it is hardly such stuff as tragedy is made of. A man who overspends his income in giving parties he cannot afford and then, trying to borrow money, rages, with imbecile insults, because nobody will lend him any, may, in some circumstances be a pathetic and even a lovable figure, but he can never be a tragic one.

Timon does not even allow himself to be either pathetic or lovable. Beginning by being peevish, he becomes a maniac, indulging in childish and undignified forms of revenge.

Mr. Milton, who likes the strange by-paths of drama, threw himself into the part with all the gloomy enthusiasm of Death taking a Holiday. He made the first half of the play tolerable, but the second half nobody could have saved from boredom.

Mr. Harcourt Williams muttered some crusty philosophising with a fine sense of character and Mr. Torin Thatcher's Alcibiades was equally good. The noble simplicity of the setting and the production generally left nothing to be desired. But the Swan of Avon must have been moulting rather badly when *Timon of Athens* was given to the world.

"White Cargo."—*White Cargo* (also a revival) at the Cambridge is a much better play, also with plenty of bad temper in it. The atmosphere of an "outcast of Empire" where bored and lonely men get on each other's nerves and drink too much does not sound an ideal basis for a drama of thrills and lust. Yet so admirably constructed is it and so perfectly acted that this second innings should be a profitable one.

Plays like this are apt to date very quickly; yet this struck me as being every bit as alive as in the original production. That was partly, though not entirely, due to the fact that Mr. Franklyn Dyall and Mr. Horace Hodges appear in their original parts, Mr. Dyall being duly obnoxious (can any actor point to a longer string of parts played immaculately?) and Mr. Hodges weak and lovable and human as a doctor I would loathe to have by my bedside but would delight to chat to by my fireside.

The amorous aspect of "going native" caused, I remember, some shocked comments when *White Cargo* was first produced, though that was a comparatively short time ago. Until then, it seems, there was a disposition to ignore it for stage purposes, unless one can point to Desdemona as a precedent. Here it is, except for the whisky, the outstanding feature of the play. Miss Olga Lindo sees that it stands out. If she does not efface memories of her predecessor as Tondeleyo, that most "baggagy" of black baggages, she does remarkably well and never loses a point. The slightest error here and the thing might have become burlesque. That never happened, though the ice was thin and at one moment cracked ominously.

"HANDS ACROSS THE TABLE": Ralph Bellamy (a wealthy New Yorker) and Carole Lombard (manicurist by profession and gold-digger by instinct) who star together in this new Paramount picture at the Plaza

HOME FROM THEIR
Dorothy Hyson,
Dorothy Dickson,
band, Robert
gether on the
ampton when
from the Uni

White Cargo should be seen by those who missed it at the Playhouse, nor would a second visit be a waste of time.

"She Married Her Boss."—(Film).—The relationship between the "boss" and an employée appears to have more romantic possibilities, in American business firms than on this side of the

A JEFFERY FARNOL ROMANCE SCREENED: Basil Sydney as Chichester in *The Amateur Gentleman* which is now in production at the Criterion Film Studios at Elstree

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

Atlantic. It is undoubtedly used more as film material.

That may be because, so I have noticed, there is hardly a stenographer down town in New York who does not seem to be modelling herself on Miss Jean Harlow or Miss Constance Bennett. So perhaps the "boss," himself acutely film-conscious, as are all good Americans and all bad ones, frequently does marry a pseudo-Jean or a counterfeit Constance, which would certainly work out cheaper than an alliance with the original.

She Married Her Boss, a film at the Empire Theatre, has a plot which may be guessed. She does marry him. And her name is Claudette Colbert, a good actress who spoils herself by going all goggle-eyed rather too often. Why in the film-world must intense emotion be registered by showing a vast expanse of white of eye? In the days of the Victorian drama this trick would have been rewarded with white of egg—and shell and yolk to. But Miss Colbert has comedy in her also and that atones for much.

There is in the cast a child actress, Miss Edith Fallows, who is intended by the authors to be detestable—and succeeds. The other film precocities are far more detestable without the assistance of any author. Perhaps that is why they are almost certainly paid more than little Miss Fallows, who is incomparably the best of the bunch.

"The Inside Stand."—That the new P. G. Wodehouse farce *The Inside Stand* is one of verbal felicity rather than ludicrous situation does not alter the fact that it is likely to fill the contracted Saville Theatre for some time to come. True, the Saville Theatre is now more easily filled than formerly, for the simple reason that it is smaller; it has indeed "contracted," the contractors having lopped off some of that vast stalls space which made it rather uncosy. I presume this can be replaced when next the theatre houses a spectacular (and spectacularly successful) musical play. Elastic-sided theatres may soon become as fashionable as elastic-sided boots are unfashionable.

If *The Inside Stand* probably reads better than it acts it is good enough fun for stage purposes. Mr. Ralph Lynn, who is Psmith in the flesh, is there to give full value to amiable inanities at which I laugh consumedly when they come from the Wodehouse stable. With joy and gratitude do I remember Mr. Wodehouse's reference to Queen Elizabeth's sojourns at sundry stately homes as Her Majesty's "snipe-like progress through England."

"I suppose she was the belle of the ship?" remarks one of the people in this farce. "No," is Mr. Lynn's retort, "only one of the passengers." "I sat on her right hand at dinner," is another observation, which Mr. Lynn counters with "How did she manage to eat?" There is plenty more. Simple fun.

Everyone in the play, it seems, is a burglar, professional or amateur, with the exception of a bar-tender and a female detective. Mr. Lynn wants to marry the blonde daughter of an American senator. The senator has sent a love-letter to a chorus-girl, and this letter has been intercepted by the dragon-like wife of a mild little American, who does not want to become an Ambassador merely in order to gratify his wife's social ambitions. So the safe containing the letter must be burgled, and Mr. Lynn must pretend to be a Viscount, and a real crook must be hired—and the play must come to an end somehow.

HONEYMOON: actress daughter of and her actor husDouglas, pictured to*Aquitania* at Souththey arrived backted States last week

BRIGHT ENTERTAINMENT AT THE SAVILLE THEATRE: Ralph Lynn and Kathleen Kelly in the new P. G. Wodehouse farce, *The Inside Stand*, which is reviewed on this page

All these situations (some of them not of the best) serve as pegs for Wodehousisms. If you like Wodehousisms you will enjoy yourself.

Mr. Lynn I thought at his best; he can use his hands as few other actors can, among the few being Sir Seymour Hicks and M. Sacha Guitry. Miss Olive Blakeney, in a less sympathetic part than usual, was her downright, American, amusing and lovable self. An ingenue of overwhelming blondeness and charm is Miss Kathleen Kelly, who seemed to have been poured into a dress as dazzlingly fair as her hair. Mr. Ben Welden can be a dour and tragic crook or a sunny and comic crook and is here the latter. I liked Mr. Cameron Hall's pathetic "I don't want to be a Senator!"

CO-STARRING WITH DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JNR.: Elissa Landi who has one of the chief parts in *The Amateur Gentleman*, the picture based on one of Farnol's many best-sellers

Indecency.—The complaints that certain entertainers of the lighter sort are overstepping the bounds of decency are only too well-founded. One does not have to be a prude to realise that their remarks can in some circumstances be embarrassing in the extreme. Nor does the rather well-worn excuse, "I don't mind a joke being a bit blue so long as it is funny," apply here.

I know of one alleged comedian who at the theatres and cabarets at which he appears pours out a stream of filth which does not even have a double meaning. It has, and can have, only one meaning, and that an indecent one. That the Equity, urged by one of our leading actors, have taken steps is all to the good. I have little sympathy with the Variety Artists' Federation's protest that Equity are poaching on their preserves. Since apparently, the V.A.F. do not do their own job, they should be grateful to Equity for doing it for them instead of indulging via their secretary, in the petty suggestion that Equity "resents variety making such forward steps."

If variety is going to step forward on such lines, so contrary to the spirit of the theatre, the sooner it steps back the better.

PREPARING FOR PANTO: Binnie Hale rehearsing her climbing act for the part of principal boy in *Jack and the Beanstalk*, which will be this year's Christmas fare at Drury Lane

SHOWS TO SEE

Outstanding Successes in Theatre and Cinema

ALDWYCH: *The Dominant Sex* (12th month).

APOLLO: Marion Lorne in Walter Hackett's *Espionage*.

CARLTON: Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in *Top Hat*.

CRITERION: Lucie Mannheim in *Nina*.

DRURY LANE: Mary Ellis and Ivor Novello in *Glamorous Night*.

DUCHESS: Emlyn Williams, Angela Baddeley, and May Whitty in *Night Must Fall*.

LEICESTER SQUARE: Harry Baur and Laurence Olivier in *Moscow Nights*.

JAPANESE TALENT IN AUSTRIA: Ishiko Meinl who plays the lead in a Vienna film, *The Last Love*

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

Reviewed by
VERNON FANE

THE misleading cases of Mr. A. P. Herbert, M.P., need no introduction from me, since in their present collected form (with the addition of ten new cases) they are already ably introduced by two Law Lords, as well as the Lord Chief Justice.

UNCOMMON LAW is the title of this collection, and Messrs. Methuen have done a service to A. P. H.'s devoted public by producing it at 7s. 6d. The wisdom and wit of Lord Atkins' prefatory words draw attention to that illusive zone where the zeal of the reformer overlaps the bite of satire.

Unwittingly, I am sure, the noble lord has also ventured into prophecy. "Whether all the reforms which Mr. Haddock or the author favours be beneficial may be disputed elsewhere. A. P. H. will have the last word, as in the House of Commons case. No opponent will wield his weapons with the dexterity of the author, or even have the opportunity of encountering him in the same field."

It but remains for some ecstatic student of future Parliamentary reports to observe with what dexterity the member for the Home of Lost Causes wangles the next ballot on private members' bills.

The short story is, as any publisher, librarian, or bookseller will tell you, the most unpopular of literary forms; a collection of them is a veritable Cinderella among books. It must have taken a good deal of courage therefore, and surely it must have been against all expert advice, for Mr. David Footman to launch his literary career with a collection of stories called *Half-way East*.

I happen to know that that book enjoyed what is known as a *succès d'estime*, which is little more than one one-hundredth part of what it deserved. For Mr. Footman can write, and the critic who labelled him "the Somerset Maugham of the Balkans," doubtless meant well, but why drag in Maugham? Mr. Footman can stand squarely and securely upon his own gifts, an opinion which I find amply justified in **BALKAN HOLIDAY** (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.).

This is a travel book—another unprepossessing literary form—for the average traveller has proved himself a dull dog with a wooden pen and very little ability to take photographs. There are no half-tones on shiny paper nor so much as a hint of a leaf from the author's sketchbook in *Balkan Holiday*, but there are colour, light, and laughter, a pointed turn of wit, a rare felicity of phrase and observation, and prose which is a joy to read.

I suppose that it is inevitable that Mr. Footman will make a bid for the larger and royalty-bearing public which devours novels. If he does I warn him that he will be in grave danger of being "chosen" by all the societies, guilds, and newspaper pundits whose business it is to tootle such good news upon their trumpets.

THE LONGEST YEARS (Cassell. 7s. 6d.) are naturally those of childhood and, to quote the poet blurbist "Long, at the time of living—yet how soon forgotten!" Miss Sigrid Undset being a novelist of no uncommon skill, has seen to it that the childhood years of Ingvild shall be something more than a sleep and a forgetting.

The sentimentalist in all of us will surely wriggle contentedly at the memories evoked by Miss Undset's sympathetic study, for her clear-eyed story is mercifully free from Peter Pannery or the lusty whimsies of a Christopher Robin. Perhaps they arrange these things better in Scandinavia.

A 600-page novel in small type is in itself a formidable spectacle, rendered none the less formidable by the fact that it is the second volume of a trilogy dealing with the life of the historian Josephus, and entitled **THE JEW OF ROME** by Lion Feuchtwanger (Hutchinson. 8s. 6d.).

Admirers of *Jew Süss* will find themselves toiling manfully in the steps of the master while he expounds such Jewish problems as obtruded themselves upon the Roman political scene after the death of the Emperor Vespasian. Personally I was physically unable to toil too far, but I have no doubt that in the long run this monumental section of a monumental work justifies its sub-title of "An Historical Romance."

I occasionally rage against the detective novel of to-day, over which one must pore with a magnifying glass, a dictionary, and a handbook of psychology, and yearn for the books in which murders were murders, and terrifying, and a scream in the night was worth two hours in the laboratory. But this, I suppose, is a sign of advancing years and rigidity of outlook, and so one must try to combat it and cultivate an appreciation of the finer and duller points of detection.

I have been encouraged in this by reading **DEATH COMES TO CAMBERS** (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.) a new novel by Mr. E. R. Punshon, a writer whose purpose seems to be to interest rather than to excite, and whose results are really satisfactory.

Leaving behind, with as few bloodthirsty regrets as possible, the school of shockers, it is possible to enjoy the clear-cut reasoning of Mr. Punshon's book. The story opens with a subdued bang and a neatly contrived murder, and the rest of the book is occupied by the ingenious methods of detection used by Mr. Robert Owen, the dead lady's guest, and the more blundering methods of the head of the county police.

Mr. Owen wins, as it were, and adds to his credit as a promising young police sergeant, and "returning to duty, was told off at once to track down the headquarters of a band of miscreants reported to be endangering the morals of the country by carrying on raffles for boxes of chocolates at country fairs."

If it were only for such an ending as this, one's conversion to the reasonable in detective novels would have begun.

In 1896 General Polovtsoff began his military career in the famous Nijny Novgorod Dragoons under the "mighty monarch," Sergeant-Major Fedor Nikiforovich Tiaglivy. To-day he is chairman of the Sporting Club committee of Monte Carlo, and the story of the years between is in his autobiography, **GLORY AND DOWNFALL** (Bell. 15s.).

This, definitely, is a book of the old régime, and I should think it would be attractive to a great many people on that count alone. It is already like an echo from another age to read such lines as this—spoken by an officer who had just been deprived of his command by the Emperor's orders,

"Remember, Polovtsoff, that whatever happens to me, I will never have a word of blame for His Majesty. Whatever he will do with me will be right. Our perfect loyalty and devotion to him must always remain sacred and unshattered."

General Polovtsoff was in the Russo-Japanese War, knows Kashmir and the Caucasus country, and was an Intelligence Officer in Turkestan. His story is exciting, prejudiced and, in a curious way, gay. He seems to have none of the self pity of the dispossessed, but instead a fund of high spirits and an appreciation of the comic as well as the macabre. His conversation with a cabdriver in Petrograd is an example of this.

"When we passed the Winter Palace he turned round to me and indignantly stated that, according to his ideas, Emperor Nicholas II ought to be shot. I inquired for the reasons of his bloodthirsty opinions, and received an unexpected answer. 'Because it is his fault that such revolting mugs have now invaded the Winter Palace.'"

To which the author ruefully comments, "A very original form of conservatism."

FANG AND CLAW (Jarrolds. 16s.) is a new collection of adventures, as before, real ones, by Mr. Frank "Bring-'Em-Back-Alive" Buck, and as before, they are genuinely exciting adventures when they deal with wild animals, of which the gentleman on the cover is, I suppose, a fair example.

The photographs, in fact, are as hair-raising as anything in the narrative, and I would like to know who the intrepid person was who took the photographs of Mr. Buck cornered by a black cobra, and of Mr. Buck's effective dealings with the snake.

I remember seeing the film, *Wild Cargo*, which was one of Mr. Buck's successes, and I remember in that a really terrifying fight between a huge python and a black panther. The story of how that was filmed is, I think, the high spot of this book, for as Mr. Buck's friend says, "The moral is that you *can't fake animal pictures*. You've got to be authentic or there's no 'take.'"

"How beautiful it all was, and what a pity it is all pulled down." Mrs. Hwfa Williams was writing this about Grosvenor House in what have come to be known as the good old days, but I am inclined to take it more generally, as a reference to that era at the beginning of the century, when duchesses and princes thrived in an atmosphere of Saki wit and Ouida elegance.

IT WAS SUCH FUN (Hutchinson. 18s.) is a book of recollections by a famous Edwardian hostess, Edwardian in the real sense of the word, for she could claim friendship with the then Prince of Wales, and had known him in London and Homburg and Cannes. Mrs. Hwfa Williams writes of life as she knew it, and it was a very *mondaine* life, a life that seems to have passed completely with the war, and is only echoed faintly in such books as this, where an event like the famous Devonshire House Ball marks a year, and when the South African war was responsible for the closing of a popular skating-rink!

There is also a good deal of high spirits and a memory for the more fantastic aspects of the pre-war period of hostess-ship. I like her story of a ball at Stafford House, and Queen Victoria's visit there.

"When she was received by the Duchess of Sutherland she remarked, 'I have come from my house to your palace.'" Those were indeed the days, and spectacular days at that!

V. F.

"The historian who is a lucid and picturesque narrator of events, and yet who can write with accuracy and a minimum of bias, is indeed fortunate in the combination of his natural gifts or deserving of praise for his capacity for taking pains. The Right Hon. H. A. L. Fisher, Warden of New College, Oxford, has in the past revealed that he is not only a brilliant but a precise chronicler, and in the third volume of his great work, **A HISTORY OF EUROPE** (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 18s.) he once again stimulates us with his majestic prose, and helps even the least imaginative to conjure up an impression of the march of events, weaving the facts into a narrative that is both sustained and fascinating. Mr. Fisher begins this last section with the French Revolution, dealing later with the coming of industrialisation, and continuing down to the present day; his concluding chapter on "New Dictatorships and Old Democracies" treating particularly with the rise to power of Signor Mussolini and Herr Hitler. Of the latter he says: "He was a tough, resentful, visionary figure, half crazy with anti-semitism, as an orator violent, abounding, and hysterical, but disinterested, patriotic, and charged with Teutonic pride. Knowing

(Continued on p. 358)

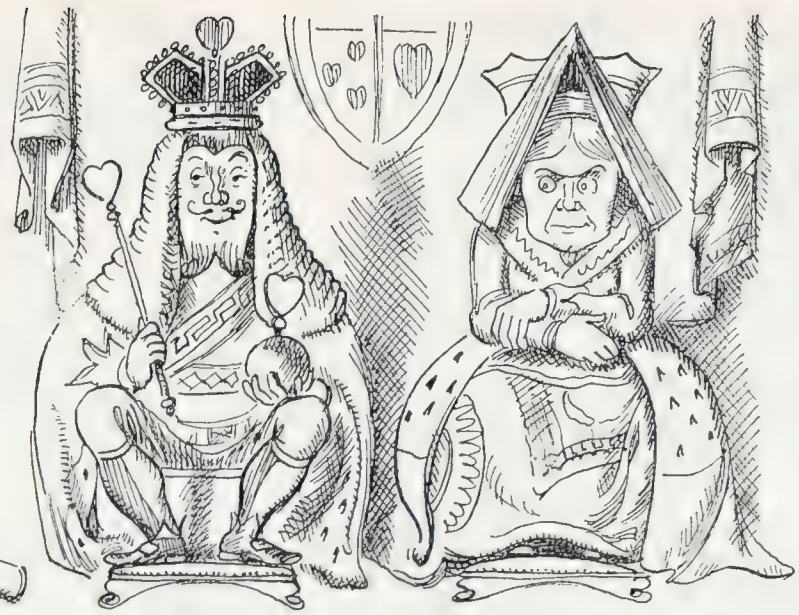
"WHERE LITTLE NELL WAS BORN": The house rented by Dickens is seen on the right of the archway leading to a paved court at the back, a fascinating corner of old Bath. In the new *Life of Charles Dickens*, by Thomas Wright of Olney (Herbert Jenkins. 18s.) there is an interesting reference to Dickens' stay in Bath in 1840. The house was in one of those precipitous squares high up among the crescents of the town. As we have not hitherto seen this house illustrated we give two drawings of it, and below is Mr. Wright's reference to the birthplace of Nell

"At the end of February, 1840, while Dickens was writing 'The Old Curiosity Shop,' he with a few friends visited Walter Savage Landor at Bath. Expelled from Rugby and rusticated at Oxford, Landor, who at different times had quarrelled with his father, his wife, his Welsh tenantry, and most of his neighbours, reminds us of that Antipodean wasp which, if cut in two, fights—so great is its pugnacity—the head with the tail. His imposing and leonine appearance, and the strength of his will, led Carlyle to call him 'the unsubduable old Roman.' His intimate friends, however (including Dickens, who drew upon him subsequently for Mr. Boythorn in 'Bleak House'), sincerely loved him, though they stood in awe of him.

"It was during this visit to Bath that there arose in Dickens' mind the idea of 'Little Nell,' the original of whom, as everybody knows, was Mary Hogarth, whose death Dickens continued to deplore. With Landor 'Little Nell' was a favourite, and he once declared with tremendous emphasis, half in earnest, half in jest, that he never in his life regretted anything so much as his neglect to purchase the house which Dickens had hired at Bath, No. 35, St. James's Square. 'I would have burnt it to the ground,' he said, 'to the end that no meaner association should ever desecrate the birthplace of Nell,' following up his declaration, after a short pause, with a thundering peal of laughter."

Drawings by Percy Home

THE COURTYARD BEHIND 35, ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, BATH: There is an eighteenth century milliner's window at one end and a picturesque butcher's shop at the other



ALICE'S EVIDENCE

("The writer must have imitated somebody else," said the King.)

"It's a set of verses," said the White Rabbit.
"Read them," said the King. "Begin at the beginning, and go on till you come to the end; then stop."
There was dead silence while the White Rabbit read:—

"They told me it was good for us,
And excellent for him:
And as we were unanimous,
She filled them to the brim.

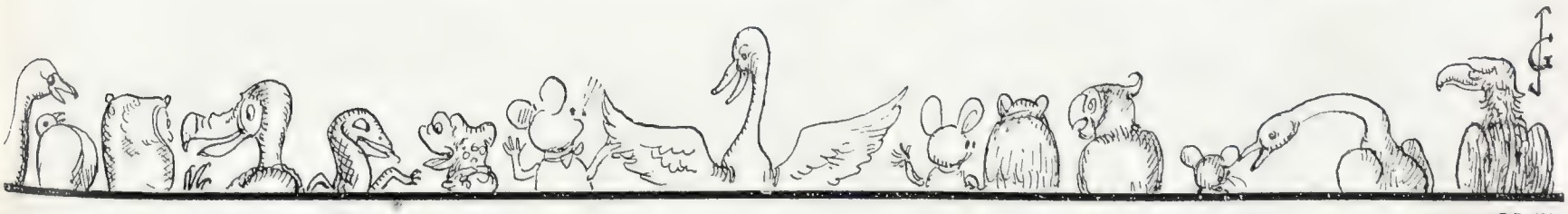
I gave her one, they gave us two,
We gave them three (one each);
Their heartfelt gratitude I knew
Without the need for speech.

If I or she should ever be
Exhausted with the strain,
It's up to you to see that we
Have just the same again.

It's obvious they liked it best,
For it will always be
Superior to all the rest—
I'm sure you will agree."

The King muttered over the verses to himself: "'*It was good for us*—' that's a Guinness, of course—'*She filled them to the brim*—' that must be the glasses—'*Superior to all the rest*—' Guinness is certainly that, you know—"
"It goes on: '*I'm sure you will agree*,'" said Alice.
"I do! In fact, that sentence is my verdict!" said the King. "It's a pun!" he added in an angry tone, and everybody laughed.
"What sentence?" said the Queen, and the King replied—

Guinness is good for you



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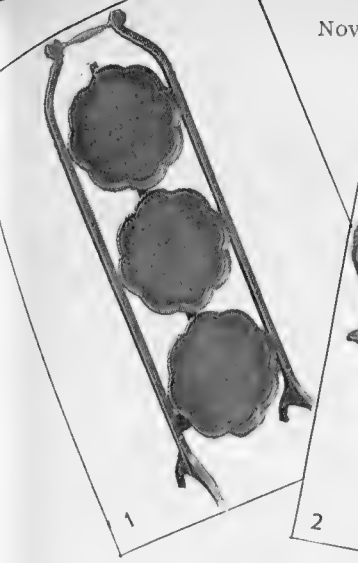

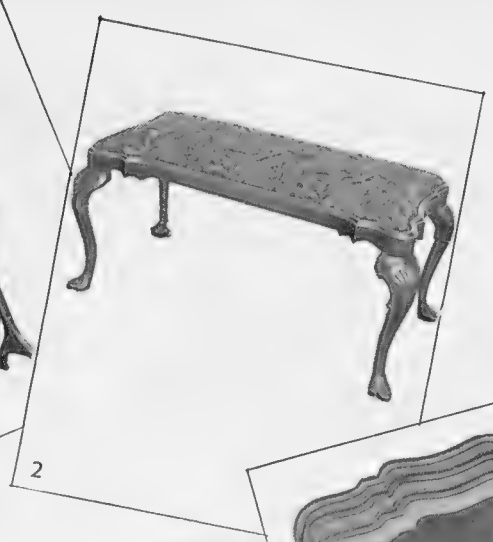

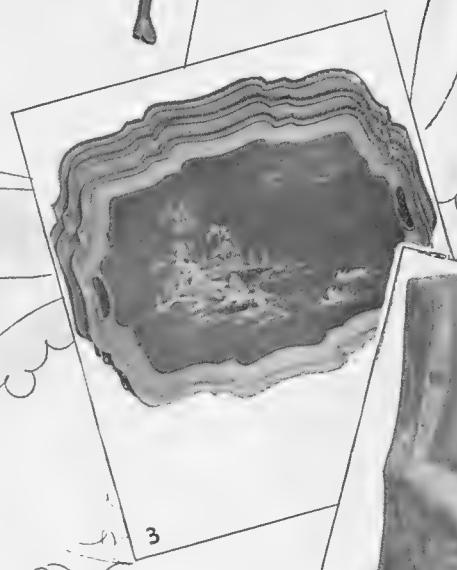

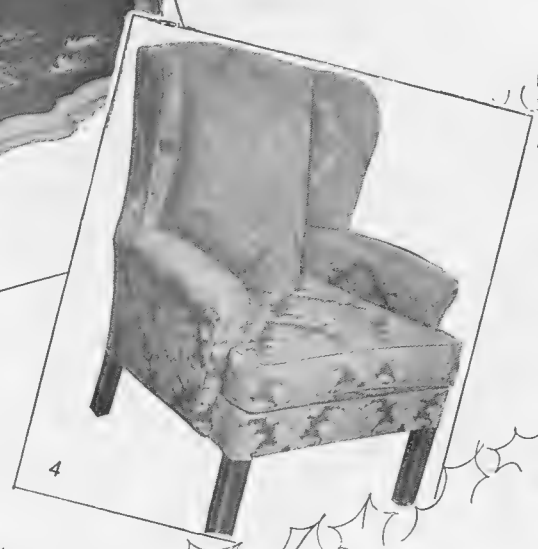

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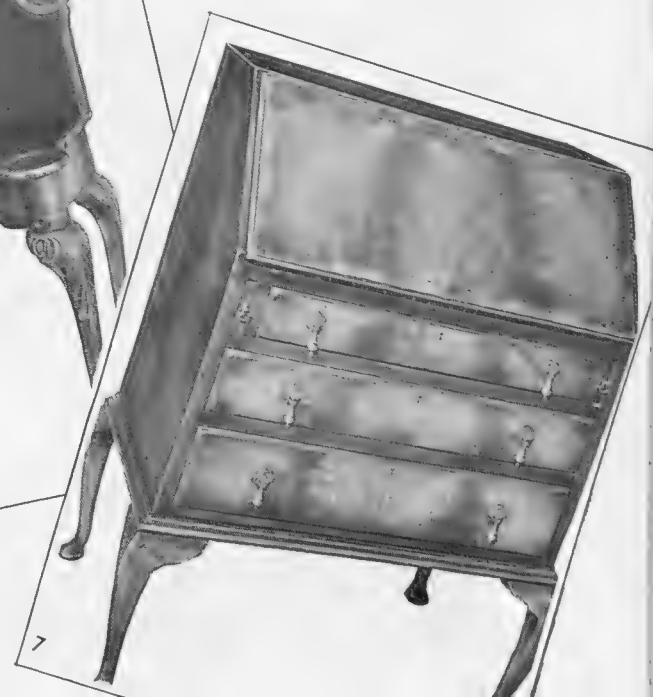
4. Wing Chair in Brocatelle with fibre stuffed back. Loose seat cushion on cable springs. £5.10
5. Reproduction Walnut Wine Table with quartered, figured top and beautifully carved legs. £6.6
6. Reproduction Walnut Card Table. Green Baize top with circular counter trays. Carved cabriole legs. £10.10
7. Reproduction 'Queen Anne' figured Walnut Bureau, fitted interior, lined antique Hide. £11.11



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I P.S.

CYPRUS

A Mediterranean Jewel

ON the cover of an official booklet about Cyprus appears an outline map of Europe, Asia Minor, and Northern Africa. In the top left-hand corner are the British Isles, picked out in red; in the bottom right-hand corner is Cyprus, also picked out in red. There, set in the brilliance of the Eastern Mediterranean, between the coast of Turkey and the coast of Syria, is this island which has flown the British flag for fifty years, which has enjoyed the full status of a British colony for eleven years, yet which can boast of a history far, far longer than that of the Empire of which it forms a part, and certainly no less colourful.

It used to be a commonplace of the travelling English that they knew singularly little about their own possessions, and up to a few years ago the execrable hotel accommodation in Cyprus provided at any rate one incontrovertible proof of this. But things are different now. People from England are going there more and more, to visit or to settle, glad of finding somewhere where the exchange as well as the climate is favourable. Also, it is particularly well suited as a holiday resort for British residents in Egypt, anxious to escape a little from the torrid heat of the desert summer. Within a short sea journey of Port Said they can find green hills and fresh breezes that are reminiscent of the best moments of a summer at home. Accommodation may not yet be luxurious, but it is already more than adequate to meet all reasonable requirements. And Cyprus is definitely cheap. Incidentally, it is one of those few blessed places still remaining in the world where income-tax is not encountered.

Drawn by Gordon Home

THE WALLS OF FAMAGUSTA: A scene in this ancient seaport of Cyprus, showing on the right the Gothic cathedral which is now used as a mosque and where in 1191 Richard I of England crowned Guy de Lusignan king of the island

The two seasons, winter and summer, are quite distinct. During the winter months, the coastal towns, Famagusta in the east, Limassol in the south, (where the boats from Egypt and from Greece arrive), Paphos at the south-western extremity, and Kyrenia on the north coast, are the best places for a stay; or Nicosia, the capital, which lies in the central plain. Nicosia is a city of extraordinary fascination, one of those cities in which every street, every courtyard, fires the imagination because of the tremendous wealth of associations it evokes. This is where the worlds of East and West meet, where memories of the clash of ancient empires are mingled with memories of the Crusades, of sixteenth century Venetian prowess, of the strange glamour of the Turkish Empire, which may still be faintly traced among the shadows. Actually, the Turkish domination of Cyprus ceased in 1878, when it was agreed by convention, that though technically still a Turkish possession, the island should in future be administered by Great Britain—close on seven centuries after Richard Cœur de Lion had won it by siege from Isaac Comnenos, the self-proclaimed Emperor.

The Crusaders' tombs in the Armenian Church and the Arab Achmed Mosque are very moving, and seem to bring to life a whole aspect of medieval civilisation more vividly than the history books could ever do. Another place that is of outstanding interest in Nicosia, particularly from the architectural point of view, is the Mosque of St. Sophia, with its fantastic twin minarets, to which one soon becomes accustomed as a familiar landmark. Modern Greek is the language generally spoken on the island, but in the crowded bazaars of Nicosia one is likely to hear also Turkish, Arabic, French, and Italian, all apparently at the same time.

The north coast is the nearest to Nicosia, and it is distinguished for its wide sandy beaches, where the bathing is excellent. This is one of the great attractions of Kyrenia (where there are two hotels); but not the only one. It is a picturesque place, the approach to its harbour defended by a massive twelfth century castle, the weatherbeaten stones of which, jutting out starkly into the vivid sea, seem curiously receptive to the play of light and shadow.

In the mountains behind Kyrenia, a long, narrow range, for the most part not more than 2,500 ft. high, are some of the greatest monuments of Cypriot civilisation. The castle of St. Hilarion seems with age to have become part of the rocky summit from which it springs, and, although sadly ruined, it still retains the spirit of its medieval grandeur. Farther to the east is the castle of Buffavento, and farther again, at the beginning of the long, thin peninsula into which the eastern end of the island tapers away, the castle of Kantara. These castles were built in the days of the "Lusignan" dynasty, when Cyprus enjoyed a spell of security and prosperity beyond anything it had known during earlier centuries, when there was constant anxiety that the sails of the dreaded Arab invader would be sighted bearing down on the island, bringing in their wake a trail of destruction. Another famous building on the north coast is the Abbey of Bellapais, one of the rare pieces of Gothic architecture to be seen in this part of the world.

Famagusta dates from the medieval period, and will appeal strongly to anybody with an antiquarian interest: there are, for instance, no fewer than 360 churches within its walls. There is also the tower, associated with an unsubstantiated legend, in which Othello strangled Desdemona; and away to the north a few miles there are the remains of Salamis, and the earlier Constantia, with its gigantic Roman Forum. Limassol and Paphos are hardly less interesting, and the south-eastern corner of the island is particularly rich in remains of the civilisations which have flourished there from the earliest times—Greek, Roman, Byzantine: much has been excavated, probably much more remains to be discovered. It is certain, at any rate, that the cultural responsibility for the preservation of all these marvellous monuments is one that we have no right to neglect.

In the summer, except for Kyrenia, the plains and the cities along the coast are too hot, and the Government moves up from Nicosia to Troödos. This and Platroes are the best known resorts in the hills, and both have a wooded setting of extraordinary beauty. High above Platroes towers Mount Olympus, 6,000 ft. up, which is easy to climb and which rewards one with some magnificent views. The lower slopes of the hills are covered with vineyards. Troödos and Platroes are not the only places one can visit in the hills, and there are hotels at Pedhoulas and Prodhromos as well. The reputation of this charming landscape is spreading from year to year amongst those who can take pleasure in a relatively simple life; and the time may come, now that travel is becoming faster and cheaper, when Cyprus will recapture much of its former fame. A.G.

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V. Iron and crystal table lamps from 35/-

THE MONTE CARLO CALENDAR

Winter Season, 1935-36

DEC. 1, 1935	Musical Season opens with a Festival of French Music. RICHARD STRAUSS, KREISLER, RACHMANINOFF, LOTTE LEHMANN AND ELIZABETH SCHUMANN will appear during the Season, which lasts until April, in addition to those artistes specifically mentioned below.
DEC. 5–JAN. 19	Monte Carlo Theatre—Season of Comedies and Operettas. (During January M. SACHA GUITRY will give several special performances.)
DEC. 22	Hotel de Paris—Opening Gala of the Winter Season.
DEC. 23–29	Monte Carlo Country Club—Christmas Tennis Tournament.
DEC. 24	INTERNATIONAL SPORTING CLUB OPENS. AMBROSE AND HIS ORCHESTRA
JAN. 1, 1936	GALA CONCERT CONDUCTED BY TOSCANINI.
JAN. 3	Piano Recital by M. Vladimir Horowitz.
JAN. 13–19	Monte Carlo Country Club—Tennis Championships.
JAN. 16–25	INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE TOURNAMENT (at the Sporting Club).
JAN. 18	Classical Concert with M. Gregor Piatigorsky.
JAN. 20	Grand Concert with M. Gregor Piatigorsky.
JAN. 20–26	FIFTH INTERNATIONAL TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS of the Principality of Monaco (at the Condamine Tennis Club).
JAN. 22	Classical Concert, with M. Jacques Thibaud.
JAN. 24	Violin Recital by M. Jacques Thibaud.
JAN. 26	MONTE CARLO OPERA—SEASON OPENS WITH WAGNER'S "RING," IN GERMAN, BY THE BAYREUTH OPERA, UNDER FRANZ VON HOESSLIN. (Amongst other distinguished singers who will be heard during the Opera Season are LILY PONS, AUTORI AND CHALIAPINE.)
JAN. 29	Gala of Modern French Music, with Mme. Ida Rubinstein.
JAN. 29–FEB. 2	MONTE CARLO MOTOR RALLY.
FEB. 13	Monte Carlo Golf Club—The Windsor Challenge Cup.

(The foregoing is only a brief summary of the more important events up to the middle of February.)

TRAVEL ARRANGEMENTS

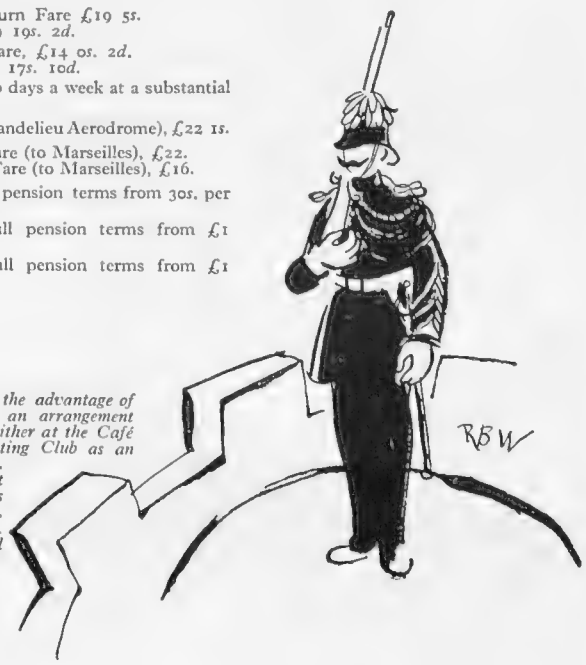
TRAIN (24 hours) 1st Class Return Fare £19 5s.
Return Sleeper, £9 19s. 2d.
2nd Class Return Fare, £14 0s. 2d.
Return Sleeper £8 17s. 10d.
30-day Tickets are available on two days a week at a substantial reduction.

AIR (7 hours) Return Fare (to Mandelieu Aerodrome), £22 1s.

SEA (7 days) 1st Class Return Fare (to Marseilles), £22.
2nd Class Return Fare (to Marseilles), £16.

HOTEL—HOTEL DE PARIS.—Full pension terms from 30s. per day.
HOTEL HERMITAGE.—Full pension terms from £1 per day.
HOTEL METROPOLE.—Full pension terms from £1 per day.

At each of these hotels visitors enjoy the advantage of the "pension tournante," which is an arrangement permitting them to take their meals either at the Café de Paris or the International Sporting Club as an alternative to their Hotel Restaurant. There are other good hotels to suit every purse, where full pension terms can be arranged from 10s. per day. Full particulars from Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd., and all travel agencies.



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"Reality Tours," a comprehensive programme of sailings and costs, will be mailed gratis on request to The Director, Publicity and Travel Bureau, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C. 2. ('Phone: Whitehall 4488.)

THE OLD HALL AT GREAT DIXTER, NORTHIAM, SUSSEX: An open-timbered roof of the fifteenth century. One of many fine illustrations in Ralph Dutton's new book, *The English Country House* (Batsford. 7s. 6d.)

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

(Continued from page 350)

how great Germany had been, he felt that she had but to will to be great once more."

As a nation we are sometimes inclined to be over-satisfied with our own institutions and, for this reason, it is all to the good when a foreigner comes along who is equipped to offer helpful and objective criticism. In **ENGLISH DRAMA** (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.) Dr. Camillo Pellizzi, who occupies the chair of Italian at London University, gives us his estimate of the modern stage, discussing the achievements, capabilities, and limitations of our various playwrights, analysing the factors contributing to outstanding successes, and commenting generally upon tendencies in the theatre. The author's views on *Journey's End* are particularly illuminating: "Sherriff," he says, "has been clever enough to let the war speak for itself; it is one of the very rare cases I know of in which art has been attained by photography, through a simple process of selection."

Another book that will appeal to the "enquiring layman," and particularly to visitors and intending visitors to the Royal Academy Winter Exhibition at Burlington House is **CHINESE ART** (Faber and Faber. 21s.), a superbly-produced volume designed to serve as a general introduction to this absorbing subject, and written by Leigh Ashton, Assistant Keeper in the Department of Ceramics at the Victoria and Albert Museum, and Basil Gray, Assistant Keeper of Oriental Antiquities at the British Museum. The plan the authors have followed is to give a survey of each period by means of a carefully-selected series of illustrations, preceded by introductory essays descriptive of the salient developments from reign to reign. The book is itself a real work of art, and the publishers are to be congratulated on the skilful manner in which they have selected the types, prepared the pictures, and planned the "layout" with a view both to readability and æsthetic values.

"Sabretache" is a knowledgeable writer on everything that pertains to hunting, but much that he has to say must be to those of left-wing sympathies as a red rag to a bull. His latest work, **A GENTLEMAN AND HIS HOUNDS** (Eyre and Spottiswoode) is priced at 25s., so there is every hope that it will not fall into the hands of people for whom it is not intended. As a hunting book, however, this has much to commend it; it is packed with delightful anecdotes and sandwiched between the usual regrets for the good old days, are a host of facts about contemporary packs and sporting personalities.

Sportsmen should also enjoy **JUNGLE DAYS** (Stanley Paul. 16s.), an Indian big-game hunting book to which three members of one family have contributed; Mr. R. St. G. Burke, late of the Imperial Forest Service, having collaborated with his daughter in preparing the manuscript, and Mrs. Burke having supplied a number of really excellent photographs. The authors have a fund of interesting material to relate about tigers, pythons, man-killing panthers, snakes, and rogue elephants, and, while the volume has no literary pretensions, its subject matter is none the less sufficient to hold the attention to the end.

When the popular press is at a loss to find delectable fare for its readers, it frequently adopts the expedient of re-hashing history, merely recapitulating facts already known and not attempting in any way to cover fresh ground. This may be all very well in its way, but it is difficult to understand why publishers should choose to follow suit, particularly when there are going begging such hosts of ideal subjects for biographies. These comments arise from a perusal of Armand Charpentier's **THE DREYFUS CASE** (Geoffrey Bles. 10s. 6d.) which makes entertaining enough reading but has not the merit of throwing much new light on this *cause célèbre* which forty years ago was arousing heated controversy throughout the world and has since, one would imagine, been dealt with at sufficient length by such writers as Jacques Kayzer and Joseph Reinach.

THIS MAN'S FATHER by Noel Carrington and Jocelyn Rae (Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d.) is a biography of a totally different character from that dealt with above and, in its modest way, must be regarded as somewhat of a pioneer work. It endeavours to present in a series of pictures, culled from a family album, each successive phase in the life of a young man who was born in Victorian times and lived to see the remarkable changes wrought in the first two decades of the present century. He was a very ordinary youth, but this record of his career is one of extraordinary interest and, on reaching the last page, the reader feels that he or she has, so to speak, occupied a front row seat at the presentation of a drama of social life, witnessing the gradual breaking with tradition, hardly noticeable at the time, but which in its sum total has created a world completely remote from that of the 'eighties and 'nineties.

A BOOK LIST

FABER & FABER.—A TRUE TALE OF LOVE IN TONGA. By Robert Gibbings. 3s. 6d. SALAR THE SALMON. By Henry Williamson. 7s. 6d. ALL ABOUT SHIPS AND SHIPPING: A Handbook of Nautical Information. Edited by Edwin P. Harnack. 7s. 6d. FLEETWAY PRESS LTD.—THE STORY OF THE MUSIC HALL: From Cave of Harmony to Cabaret. By Archibald Haddon. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. GOLLANCZ.—FAMOUS PLAYS OF 1935. (Six Plays in one Volume) 7s. 6d. FOUR HEDGES: A Gardener's Chronicle. Written and Engraved by Clare Leighton. 10s. 6d. PERSONAL PLEASURES. By Rose Macaulay. 7s. 6d. MURDER IN OILS. By John Newton Chance. 7s. 6d. THE TAVERN. By Marguerite Steen. 7s. 6d.

Boxing for Charity

On Wednesday, December 4, the eighth amateur boxing tournament in aid of H.R.H. the Duchess of York's Maternity Clinic will be held at the Albert Hall under the auspices of the Belsize Boxing Club, and those planning to attend should immediately write for tickets (ranging in price from 2s. to 20s.), addressing their letters to the Ticket Secretary, 40A, King's Road, Sloane Square, London, S.W.3. The contests are sure to provide excellent entertainment, and among the competitors will be representatives from the Danish Amateur Boxing Association, the Imperial Services' Boxing Association, and the Welsh Amateur Boxing Association. The patron of the tournament is the Duke of York.

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FLYING NEWS

(Continued from p. 329)

fly on the approach course to the aerodrome the bearing of which he knows in advance. He will now adjust his course by using his rudder control in conjunction with his blind-flying instruments until he maintains a continuous note in his headphones indicating that he is on the correct course.

As he flies on towards the aerodrome he will bring his machine down to a height of about 600 ft. as measured by his altimeter in preparation for receiving a signal from the first marker beacon. He gets this in two ways, by a modulation tone of 1,700 cycles per second imposed on the note of the main beacon signals in his headphones and by the flashing of the left hand neon lamp on his dashboard.

When he gets this signal the pilot notes the position of the pointer against the vertical scale of the single-strength metre on the left of his dashboard instrument. He begins to glide down, endeavouring to keep the pointer against the same horizontal mark. By having noted the position of the pointer he has selected a line of constant signal strength, and by keeping the pointer in that position he will keep on that line and be led by it down to the ground.

He will continue his descent until he hears the 600 cycles per second tone of the second marker beacon and sees the neon lamp on the right of his dashboard instrument light up. His glide should have brought him down to a height of about 25 ft. when he crosses the second marker, and from that height he should be able to see the ground through the fog and make a normal landing up the aerodrome along the beacon path towards the main beacon.

The switches and control gear of the three beacons are arranged in the aerodrome control tower. Actually, the beacons operate entirely automatically once they are switched on but should one of them fail to operate, the control apparatus announces the fact by a sound signal, and lights a warning lamp indicating which beacon has failed. This warning lamp cannot be switched off and continues alight until the fault is rectified.

One of the matters which must receive attention by the manufacturers of aircraft engines in this country is the screening of engine ignition systems. These ignition systems emit fields of force which interfere with the short wave lengths used by the blind-landing apparatus. Although in other countries such as Germany and the U.S.A. aircraft engines are sent out by the makers with ignition screening arrangements as a normal part of their equipment, in this country these have been regarded as an extra. Consequently, if subsequently fitted, the cost is much greater than if the ignition system was properly screened at the time the engine was built.

CONTINUATIONS

Here very few, if any, commercial or private machines are in service with properly screened ignition systems and this is a state of affairs which sooner or later must be rectified.

It must not be supposed that the Lorenz system for landing in bad visibility is applicable only to civil flying. Its military applications are just as important and since the receiving apparatus in the aeroplane is very light though at present somewhat costly it will have little effect on either the military or paying load of an aeroplane.

RESCUE FROM A CORAL ISLAND

(Continued from page 344)

was cast, the boat was driven shorewards. At nine o'clock that evening she grounded, and by ten she had started to break up. Mercifully, everybody on board reached the shore. Not a soul was lost. Now began weary days of waiting, with always the chance that rescue would not come before the food was exhausted.

The captain had some strange tales to tell of life on the island during the two long months of waiting before the *Clan MacPhee* was sighted. The crew and passengers settled down to live the life of a native tribe. With true native optimism they were convinced that a rescuer would arrive sooner or later. The chief officer and an apprentice had risked their lives on that same small boat which had been our first intimation of life on the island. They had travelled sixty miles in the small craft to get stores from the nearest trading station. The voyage was long and hazardous, and it was impossible to think of transporting the whole crew and passengers by means of this boat. They had lived on rice and brackish water, eked out with coconut milk. The only flesh they ate was wild pig, except for a few fowls which had been on the barque, and these they had consumed during the first few weeks.

When we arrived their health was beginning to suffer from bad food and the strain, and the children were suffering from body sores. There were only two bags of rice left when we arrived, and the situation was serious with nearly seventy mouths to feed. There were twenty children and fifteen women amongst the passengers of the wrecked barque, and three chemists or "compounders" who travel round the islands attending to the natives who fall sick.

In the morning we put on full steam, and it was good to see the content on the faces of the crew and passengers of the barque, who were glad to be under way for any destination as long as they were moving.

Finally, we reached Peros Banhos, the nearest permanent settlement. Our passengers gladly disembarked to await a ship which would take them back to Mauritius. Even at Peros Banhos, stores were running short and the sudden influx of seventy hungry people caused consternation among the settlers. Fortunately for them the *Clan MacPhee* carries a number of natives in her crew and we had plenty of rice and tinned foods aboard. We bargained with the trader and left good supplies of rice, tinned milk and tobacco—enough to feed all the settlers and the castaways for two months.

Steaming away from the Archipelago we wirelessed Mauritius and the shipowner promised that a further rescue ship should call at Peros Banhos before the food supplies again ran low. We sailed away in the knowledge that our search had not proved in vain.

Points for the Fencer

Léon Bertrand, of the famous Salles Bertrand, has written a very instructive handbook for all those who practise, or seek to practise, the art of fencing. It is entitled *The Fencer's Companion*, and is published by Gale and Polden (2s. 6d. net). The author gives some very good advice concerning the first moment of a bout. "From your first exchanges try to discover as soon as possible whether your opponent relies on his legs or his hand, on his physique or his technique. Observe his preference or otherwise for the simple or compound attack, whether it is accompanied or not by the advance. Note if his system of defence is varied, is fortified by the use of counter-attacks, if all lines are equally guarded. When this mental reconnaissance has been made and the fencer has drawn his conclusions it suffices for him to put them into operation. Having conceived a project he must act upon it as wholeheartedly as possible and with all the decision at his command. He should not let his opponent sense that his attacks have a tentative or experimental quality."

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

In these serious times the children must not be forgotten, and the Society has always to find money to maintain daily the 1,100 poor boys and girls in the Society's various Homes and Training Ship. Please send a donation and help on this splendid work of training poor boys and girls to become good and useful men and women. The children will thank you. All gifts will be gratefully acknowledged from 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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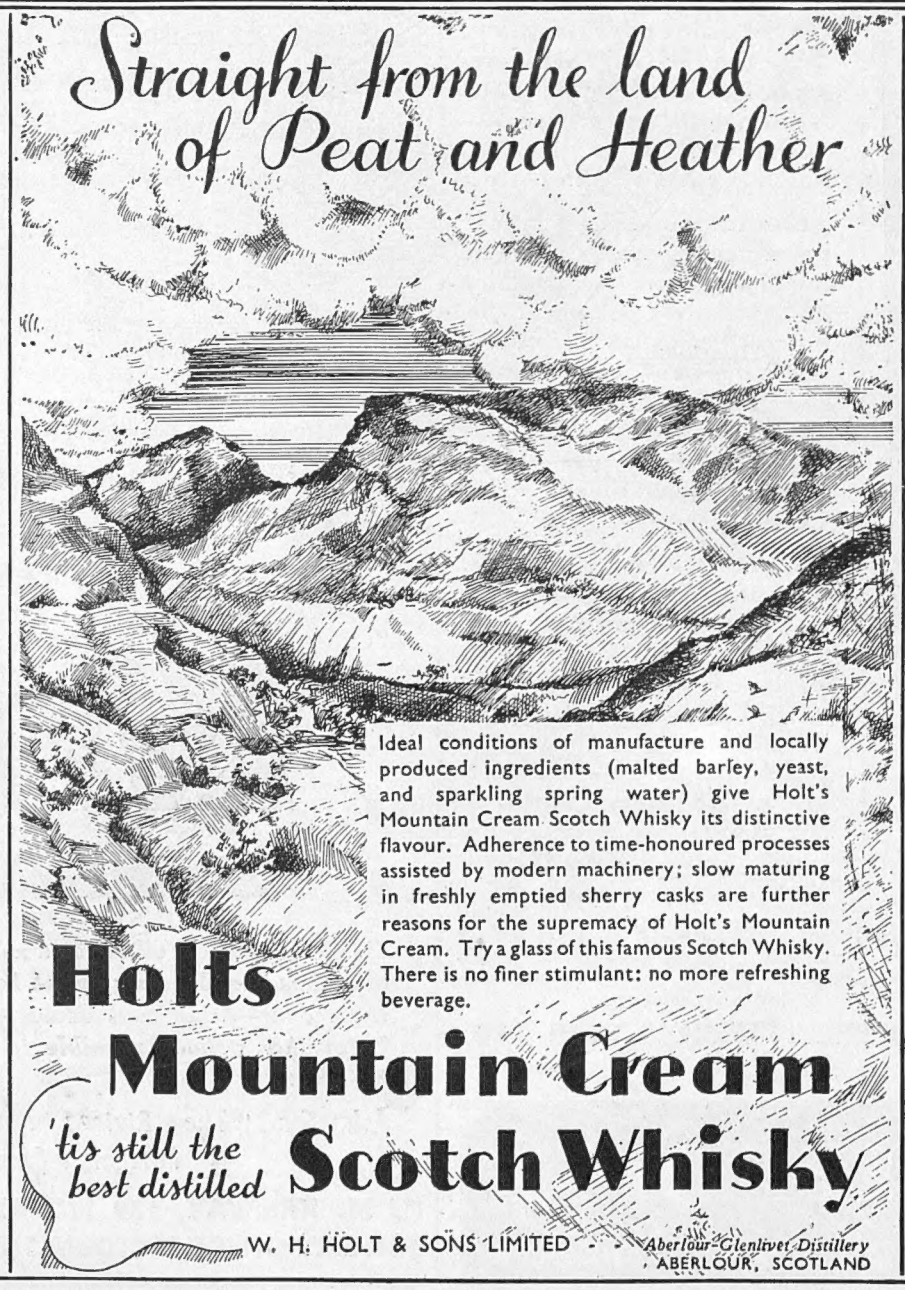
Glendalough, Co. Wicklow.—Royal Hotel.
Greystones, Co. Wicklow.—Grand Hotel.



TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

(See also 3rd page of cover)

H., Sussex (Norway).—The winter sports season in Norway extends from the middle of December until the end of April, though late in the season you would need to visit one of the highest resorts in order to find good conditions for ski-ing, skating, and tobogganning. Long ski journeys can be undertaken there without any danger. The mountains are not too precipitous and there are several vast plateaux such as the Hardangervidda, where one may ski run over many miles of undulating country. Arrangements may be made with hotels for parties of runners to make circular tours, staying a night in each place. For further particulars concerning ski-running tours you should apply to the Norwegian Travel Bureau, 21, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1. The Holmenkollen Contest (International Ski-ing Contest) takes place near Oslo in the first week of March. Finse is situated 4,000 ft. above sea level, good ski-ing being available there until about the middle of May. There are facilities for both jumping and running, while there is also an enclosed skating rink with an ice area of about 10,000 sq. ft. The Finse Hotel opens about the middle of February.

McM., Londonderry (Madeira).—Madeira has a very agreeable winter climate, equable, sunny, and warm, the average shade temperatures at Funchal being 60° F. in February, the coldest month, and 61·6° F. in March. Funchal lies in a protected valley facing due south but, apart from the immediate vicinity of Funchal, the winter is not the best season for exploring the higher districts of Madeira. The leading hotels in Funchal are Reid's Palace Hotel and the Savoy Hotel, the Hotel Belmonte, and the Monte Palace Hotel. The two former are situated on cliffs overlooking the sea, the two latter being on the hill at the back of Funchal and connected with the town by the Mount Railway. The boats of the Union-Castle Line call at Funchal, the return 1st-class fare ranging from £30 12s.

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

D. S., Hants. (Surrey).—The Selsdon Park Hotel, Sanderstead, Surrey should suit your requirements very well. There are facilities for tennis, squash rackets, and dancing, while there is an 18-hole golf course in the hotel grounds. Sanderstead, which is situated at a height of 500 ft. on the Surrey Hills, can be reached in thirty minutes by train from London.

L., Bucks (France).—The week-end return fare from London to Paris is £5 9s. 5d., via Boulogne, with 1st class travel throughout, and £3 18s. 7d. with 2nd class travel. The week-end return fare, via Dieppe, is £4 11s. 8d., with 1st class travel throughout, and £3 10s. 11d. with 2nd class travel on trains and 1st class on the boat. The tickets are available for outward travel on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, and available for return on any day up to the following Tuesday, including the Tuesday night service. No passports are required for British subjects travelling on these special week-end tickets, but it is wise to take some sort of identification paper.

B. (Dalmatian coast).—A six-days' cruise down the Dalmatian coast is run from Venice every Sunday from May 1, and it is probable that a similar cruise will be run commencing on Wednesdays. The 1st class fare is about £8 10s. A small passenger and cargo boat leaves Piraeus every Monday at 10 p.m. arriving in Trieste on the following Saturday at 7 a.m., the boat calling at Vostizza, Patras, Leukade, Prevesa, Corfu, Sarande, Valona, Durazzo, Bar, Kotor, Dubrovnik, and Split en route. The 1st class fare, excluding the cost of meals while on board is £6. There are in addition any number of steamship services up and down the Dalmatian coast, so that you could plan a tour of the coast, moving about at will. The above services are by the Jadranska Plovidba D.D. of Susak. The return 2ud class fare from London to Venice via Ostende–Luxemburg, and the Simplon or St. Gotthard Pass is £15 13s. 2d., the fare by the Calais and Milan route being £17 7s. 2d.

H., Lincs. (Germany).—The return 2nd-class fare from London to Garmisch Partenkirchen via Harwich and the Hook of Holland is about £8 19s. 9d. including the 60 per cent. reduction granted by the German railways, providing the visitors spend at least seven days in Germany. Travelling via the Hook of Holland you would cross at night. Garmisch Partenkirchen is one of the finest winter sports resorts in Germany and has facilities for every winter sport, the ski-ing slopes being particularly fine. The IVth Olympic Winter Games are being held there from February 6 to February 16, and you will find the town extremely gay during that period.

N., Brussels. (Austria).—As you wish to be near Innsbruck we suggest you spend your winter sports holiday at Igls which is connected with Innsbruck by light railway. Igls lies at a height of 3,000 ft. and has facilities for ski-ing and skating. The Golf Hotel Igler Hof charges from 14 Austrian schillings per day, another good hotel being the Maximilian. A funicular railway runs from Igls to the Patscherkofel Peak (7,450 ft.) where there is an hotel, the Berg, charging from 12 Austrian schillings per day. However, if you wish to go into Innsbruck frequently, we think you would find it more convenient to stay in Igls.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C. 2, will be promptly answered

"PRESENT" PLANS

Present plans for future pleasure—pleasure your gifts will give. Of course a tin of good Cigarettes you know often 'fills the bill' far better than . . . well, many things one receives. So if you want to plan a really successful list see that Player's No. 3 are well represented.

The attractive Carton for Christmas is illustrated below.

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Menton.—Grand Hotel du Parc.—First class. Most central. Home comforts. Weekly pension terms from £4.

Menton.—Hotel Royal & Westminster.—On Sea Front, with Garden. 1st Class. 100 yds. fr. New Casino. Quotations in sterling on demand.

Monte Carlo.—The Mirabeau.—Unrivalled situation. A home away from home. Terms en pension from 5 guineas.

Nice.—Hotel Angleterre & Grande Bretagne.—Evy. ft. rm. with bal. view on gdn. & sea. Bth. & 'phne. Fr. 25 frcs. rm. only & fr. 55 frcs. full bd.

Nice.—Atlantic Hotel.—First-class, 200 rooms. Own Gar. with lock-ups. Attr. terms. Annexe: Hotel Du Rhin. Rms. fr. Frs. 25. Entir. renov.

GERMANY.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perf. htl-bldng. Select home of internat. Socty. & Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung. Coun. of Com.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Stuttgart.—Hotel Graf Zeppelin.—Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date Hotel in South Germany.

Stuttgart.—Hotel Viktoria.—Most distinguished world-wide known house. Seasonable terms.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—First-class family hotel. 300 beds. Medical bath in Hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pen. fr. Mks. 8.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel, own bathing establishment. Patronised by H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Pen. fr. Marks 11.

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First-class Hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath-estab. Pens. from RM. 10.

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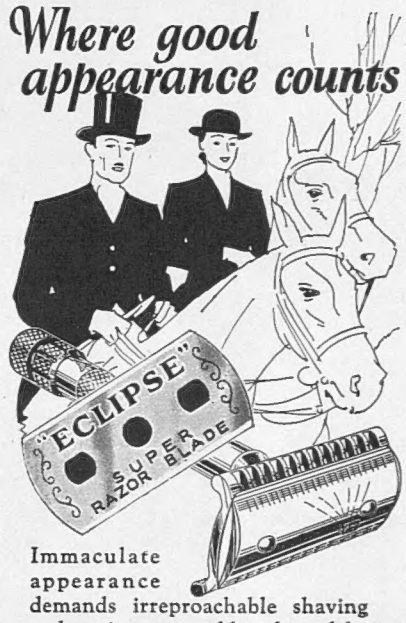

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A special feature of the issue is the section dealing with OLD LONDON, ranging from the time of FitzStephen down to the last century. Special colour reproductions have been made from contemporary drawings, supplemented by the work of modern artists. The scenes dealing with eighteenth-century London are particularly full of historic charm.

A second dominating section of the issue deals with eighteenth-century PIRACY, a subject which THE SPHERE has recently very much made its own. A number of hitherto unpublished documents concerning the death of BLACKBEARD, and the difficulties of rounding up the Pirates have been illustrated and are quoted textually. MONTAGUE DAWSON, RELF, and other artists illustrate this section.

The intriguing story of Melusina, half woman and half serpent, and her husband's fatal week-end discovery, is amusingly illustrated by HOOKWAY COWLES.

The charm of the RUFF is a subject which gives opportunity for many interesting reproductions of Dutch and other portraits, some of them reproduced in this issue for the first time.

The COUNTRYSIDE IN WINTER is illustrated by a number of artists; the subjects include in this section a striking double-page by W. BRYCE HAMILTON. Some new CANINE STUDIES will appeal to all dog-lovers.

CAROLS, SHORT STORIES, and POEMS, help to round out to the very full the list of CONTENTS of this CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE SPHERE.

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